

THE
Comical Revenge;
OR,
LOVE
IN A
TUB.

Acted at His Highness the Duke of YORK's
Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.

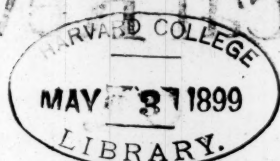
LICENSED,

July 8.
1664.

Roger L'Estrange.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold at his Shop
at the *Blew-Anchor*, in the Lower Walk of the
New-Exchange. 1664.



Hayes fund

Acted at His Highness the Duke of YORK
Theorem in London for the

To the Honourable
CHARLES Lord **BUCKHURST.**

My Lord,



Could not have wish'd
my self more fortunate
then I have been in the
success of this Poem:
The Writing of it was
a means to make me
known to your Lord-
ship; The Acting of it has lost me no Repu-
tation; And the Printing of it has now given
me an opportunity to shew how much I ho-
nour you.

I here dedicate it, as I have long since dedi-
cated my self, to your Lordship: Let the
humble Love of the Giver make you set
some value upon the worthless Gift: I hope
it may have some esteem with others, because

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the Author knows how to esteem you, whose Knowledge moves admiration, and Goodness love, in all that know you. But I design this a Dedication, not a Panegerick; not to proclaim your Virtues to the World, but to shew your Lordship how firmly they have oblig'd me to be,

My Lord,

*Your most humble and faithful
Servant,*

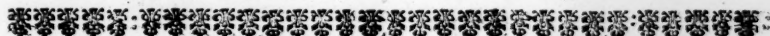
GEO. ETHEREGE.

Personæ



PERSONÆ DRAMATIS

<i>The Lord Bevill,</i>	Father to <i>Louis, Graciana, & Aurelia.</i>
<i>The Lord Beaufort,</i>	Servant to <i>Graciana.</i>
<i>Colonel Bruce,</i>	A Cavalier, Friend to <i>Louis</i> , in love with <i>Graciana.</i>
<i>Louis,</i>	Friend to <i>Bruce.</i>
<i>Sir Frederick Frolick,</i>	Cousin to the Lord <i>Beaufort.</i>
<i>Graciana,</i>	A young Lady, in love with the Lord <i>Beaufort.</i>
<i>Aurelia,</i>	Her Sister in love with Col. <i>Bruce.</i>
<i>Mrs. Rich,</i>	A wealthy Widow, Sister to the Lord <i>Bevill</i> , in love with Sir <i>Frederick.</i>
<i>Letitia,</i>	A Girl, waiting upon <i>Aurelia.</i>
<i>Betty,</i>	Waiting-woman to the Widow.
<i>Dufoy,</i>	A saucy impertinent French-man, Servant to Sir <i>Frederick.</i>
<i>Clark,</i>	Servant to the Lord <i>Beaufort.</i>
<i>Sir Nicholas Cully.</i>	Knighted by <i>Oliver.</i>
<i>Wheadle</i> }	
<i>&</i> }	Gamesters.
<i>Palmer,</i> }	
<i>Mrs. Grace,</i>	A Wench kept by <i>Wheadle.</i>
<i>Jenny,</i>	Her Maid.
<i>Mrs. Lucy.</i>	A Wench kept by Sir <i>Frederick.</i>
<i>A Coach-man belonging to the Widow.</i>	
<i>A Bell-man.</i>	
<i>Foot-men, Link-boys, Drawers, and other Attendants.</i>	



THE PROLOGUE.

WHo cou'd expect such crowding here to day,
Merely on the report of a new Play?
A man wou'd think y'ave been so often bit
By us of late, you shou'd have learn'd more wit,
And first have sent a Forlorne-hope to spy
The Plot and Language of our Comedy,
Expecting till some desprate Critticks had
Resolv'd you whether it were good or bad:
But yet we hope you'l never grow so wise;
For if you shou'd, we and our Comedies
Must trip to Norwich, or for Ireland go,
And never fix, but, like a Puppet-show,
Remove from Town to Town, from Fair to Fair,
Seeking fit Chapmen to put off our Ware.
For such our Fortune is this barren Age,
That Faction now, not Wit, supports the Stage:
Wit has, like Painting, had her happy flights,
And in peculiar Ages reach'd her heights,
Though now declin'd; yet cou'd some able Pen
Match Fletcher's Nature, or the Art of Ben,
The Old and Graver sort wou'd scarce allow
Those Plays were good, because we writ them now.
Our Author therefore begs you wou'd forget,
Most Reverend Judges, the Records of Wit,
And only think upon the modern way
Of writing, whilst y'are Censuring his Play.
And Gallants, as for you, talk loud i'th' Pit,
Divert your selves and Friends with your own Wit;
Observe the Ladies, and neglect the Play;
Or else 'tis fear'd we are undone to day.

THE



THE
Comical Revenge;
OR,
Love in a Tub.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

The Scene, an Ante-Chamber to Sir *Frederick Frolick's* Bed-Chamber.

Enter Dufoy, with a Plaister on his head, walking discontentedly; and Clarke immediately after him.

Clark, Ood-morrow, *Monsieur.*



Dufoy. Good-mor',—good-mor'.

Clark, Is Sir *Fredrick* stirring?

Duf. Pox sturré himé.

Clark, My Lord has sent me——

Duf. Begar me vil havé de revengé; me vil no

stay two-day in *Englandé.*

Clark. Good *Monsieur,* what's the matter?

Dufoy. De matrè! de matrè is easie to be perceive;

/ Dis Bedlamé, Mad-cape, diable de matrè, vas
Drunké de last night; aud vor no reason, but dat
Me did advise him to go to Bed, begar he did

Strikes.

Striké, breaké my headé, Jernie.

Clark, Have patience, he did it unadvisedly.

Dufoy. Unadvisé ! didé not me advise him
Justé when he did ité ?

Clark, Yes ; but he was in drink you say.

Duf. In drinké ! mé vilhé he had been over de head
And de ear in drinké ; Begar in *France* de
Drink dat van man drinké do's not crack de
Noder mans brainé. Hark !—

[Sir Fred. knocks.]

He is awake, and none of de peeples are
To attendé himé : Ian Villian day are all gone, run
To de Diable ; have de patience, I beseech you.

[Knocks again.]

[Pointing towards his Masters Chamber.]

Clark, Acquaint Sir Frederick I am here from my Lord.

Duf. I vil, I vil, your ver umble Serviteur.

[Exeunt.]

SCEN II.

Scene, Sir Frederick's Bed-Chamber.

Enter Sir Frederick in his night-gown, and after him Dufoy.

Duf. Good-mor', good-mor' to your Vorshippé ; me am alway
Ready to attendé your Vorshippé, and your Vorshippé's
Alway ready to beaté and to abuse mé ; you vare drunké
De lasté nighté, and my head aké to day morningé ;
Sée you heré if my brainé have no ver good raison
To counsel you, and to mindé your bus'ness. [Shewing his head.]

Sir Fred. Thou hast a notable brain ;
Set me down a Crown for a
Plaster ; but forbear your rebukes.

Dufoy. 'Tis ver courageous ting to breaké de head of your
Serviteur, is it noté ? Begar you vil never keepé
De good Serviteur, had no me love you ver vel.

Sir Fred. I know thou lov'st me.

Dufoy. And darefore you do beaté me, is dat de raison ?

Sir Fred. Prethee forbear ; I am sorry for't.

Dufoy. Ver good satisfaction ! Begar it is me dat am
Sorrié for't.

Sir Fred. Well, well.

Dufoy. De Serviteur of my Lord your Cousin
Be comé speak vid you.

Sir Fred. Bring him in.

[Exit Dufoy]

I am of opinion that drunkenness is not so
Damnable a sin to me as 'tis to many ; Sorrow

And

And Repentance are sure to be my first Work
 The next morning : 'Slid, I have known some
 So lucky at this recreation, that, whereas 'tis
 Familiar to forget what we do in drink, have
 Even lost the memory, after sleep, of being
 Drunk : Now do I feel more qualms then
 A young woman in breeding.

Enter Dufoy and Clark.

[Dufoy goes out again.]

Clark ! What news from the god of Love ? he's
 Always at your Master's elbow, h'as jostl'd the
 Devil out of service ; no more !

Mrs. Grace ! Poor Girl, Mrs. Graciana has flung a
 Squib into his bosome, where the wild-fire will
 Huzzée for a time, and then crack ; it
 Fly's out at's Breeches.

Clark. Sir, he sent me before with his service ; he'l
 Wait on you himself when he's dress'd.

Sir Fred. In very good time ; there never was a girl
 More humourfome, nor tedious in the dressing of
 Her Baby.

[Ex. Clark.]

Enter Dufoy, and Foot-boy.

Dufoy. Hayé ! heré is de ver vine varké
 Begar, de ver vine varké ! —

Sir Fred. What's the bus'ness ?

Dufoy. De bus'ness ! de divil také mé if daré be not
 De whole Regiment Army de Hackené Cocheman,
 De Linke-boy, de Fydler, and de Shamber-maydé,
 Dat havé besceégé de howsé ; dis is de consequence
 Of de drink vid a poxé.

Sir Fred. Well, the Coach-men and Link-boys must be
 Satisfi'd, I suppose there's money due to 'em ; the
 Fidlers, for broken heads and Instruments,
 Must be compounded with ; I leave that to your care ;
 But for the Chamber-maid, I'll deal with her
 My self ; go, go, fetch her up.

Dufoy. De Pimpé, begar I vil be de pimpé to no man
 In de Christendomé ; do you go vech her up ;
 De Pimpé —

[Ex. Dufoy.]

Sir Fred. Go Sirrah, direct her.

[To the Foot-boy.]

Ex. Foot-boy.

Now have I most unmanfully fallen foul upon some
 Woman, I'll warrant you, and wounded her
 Reputation shrowardly : Oh drink, drink ! thou
 Art a vile enemy to the civillest sort of courteous
 Ladies. —

Enter Jenny, Weadle's Wench's maid.

Oh *Jenny*, next my heart nothing could
Be more welcome.

Maid. Unhand me ;
Are you a man fit to be trusted with a woman's
Reputation ?

Sir Fred. Not when I am in a reeling condition ; men are
Now and then subject to those infirmities
In drink, which women have when th' are sober.
Drunkenness is no good Secretary, *Jenny* ; you
Must not look so angry, good faith you must not.

Maid. Angry ! we always took you for a civil Gentleman.

Sir Fred. So I am i'troth I think. —

Maid. A civil Gentleman will
Come to a Ladies Lodging at two a clock in
The morning, and knock as if it were upon
Life and death ; a Midwife was never knock'd up
With more fury.

Sir Fred. Well, well, Girl, all's well I hope, all's well.

Maid. You have made such an Uproar amongst
The Neighbours, we must be forc'd to change
Our Lodging.

Sir Fred. And thou art come to tell me whither ; —
Kind heart !

Maid. I'll see you a little better manner'd first.
Because we would not let you in at that
Unseasonable hour, you and your rude
Ranting Companions hoop'd and hollow'd like
Mad-men, and roar'd out in the streets,
A whore, a whore, a whore ; you need not have
Knock'd good people out of their Beds, you
Might have met with them had been good
Enough for your purpose abroad.

Sir Fred. 'Twas ill done *Jenny*, indeed it was.

Maid. 'Twas a mercy *Mr. Weadle* was not there, my Mistress
Friend ; had he been there sh'd been quite undone.
There's nothing got by your leud doings ; you are
But scandals to a civil Woman : We had so much
The good will of the Neighbours before, we had
Credit for what we wo'd ; and but this morning the
Chandler refus'd to score a quart of Scurvy-grass.

Sir Fred. Hang Reputation amongst a company of Rascals ;
Trust me not if thou art not grown most wondrous pretty. [*Offers to hug her.*]

Maid. Stand off, or I protest I'll make the people

In your Lodging know what a manner of Man you are.

Sir Fred. You and I have been intimate acquaintance ; —
Why so coy now, *Jenny* ?

Maid. Pray forbear : —

You'll never leave till I shriek out ; — Your
Servants listen, heark — there's some body coming. [Noise within.

My Mistress charg'd me to tell you she will [Enter Beaufort.

Never see your eyes again ; she never deserv'd

This at your hands, — poor Gentlewoman ! — You had a

Fling at me too, you did not whisper it, I thank

You : 'Tis a miserable condition we

Women bring our selves too for your sakes. [Weeps.

Beauf. How now Cousin ! what, at wars with the Women ?

Sir Fred. I gave a small alarm to their Quarters
Last night, my Lord.

Beauf. *Jenny* in tears ! what's the occasion, poor Girl ?

Maid. I'll tell you, my Lord.

Sir Fred. Buzz ; Set not her tongue a going agen ;

[Clapping his hand before her mouth.

Shrads made more noise then half a dozen

Paper-mills : London-bridge at a low water is

Silence to her ; in a word, rambling last

Night, we knock'd at her Mistress's Lodging,

They deny'd us entrance, whereupon a harsh

Word or two flew out, *Whore* — I think, or

Something to that purpose.

Maid. These were not all your Heroick actions ;

[Enter Dufoy.

Pray tell the Consequence, how you march'd

Bravely at the rere of an Army of

Link-boys ; upon the sudden, how you gave

Defiance, and then wag'd a bloody war with the

Constable ; and having vanquish'd that

Dreadful enemy, how you committed a general

Massacre on the glass-windows : Are not these

Most honourable achievements, such as will be

Registr'd to your eternal Fame, by the most

Learn'd Historians of *Hicky's-Hall*.

Sir Fred. Good sweet *Jenny* let's come to a Treaty ;

Do but hear what Articles I'll propose.

Maid. A Womans heart's too tender to be an enemy
To Peace.

[They whisper.

Dufoy. Your most humble Serviteur, my Lord.

Beauf. Monsieur, I perceive you are much to blame ;

You are an excellent Governour indeed.

Dufoy. Begar do you tinké dat I amé de Bedlamé ?
No tingé but de Bedlamé can governé himé.

Sir Fred. *Jenny*, here's my hand ; I'll come and make
Amends for all — pretty Rogue. —

Dufoy. Ver pret Rogueé,
Vid a poxé.

Maid. What rude French Rascal have you here ?

Dufoy. Rascalé ! Begar ver it nod vor
De reverence of my Matré I vod cut off your occupation.
French Rascalé ! Whore English —

Sir Fred. *Dufoy*, be gone, and leave us.

Dufoy. I vil, I vil leave you to your recreation ; I
Vishé you ver good pastimé, and de poxé,
Begar.

[Exit *Dufoy*.

Maid. I never heard a ruder Fellow. — *Sir Frederick*, you
Will not fail the time.

Sir Fred. No, no, *Jenny*.

Maid. Your Servant, my Lord.

Beauf. Farewel *Jenny*.

[Ex. *Jenny*.

Sir Fred. Now did all this fury end in a mild
Invitation to the Ladies Lodging.

Beauf. I have known this wenches Mistress
Ever since I came from Travel, but never
Was acquainted with that Fellow that
Keeps her ; prethee what is he ?

Sir Fred. Why his name is *Wheadle* ; he's one whose trade is Treachery,
To make a Friend, and then deceive him ;
He's of a ready Wit, pleasant Conversation,
Thoroughly skill'd in men ; in a word, he
Knows so much of Virtue as makes him
Well accomplish'd for all manner of Vice :
He has lately insinuated himself into
Sir Nicholas Culley, one whom *Oliuer*, for the
Transcendent knavery and disloyalty of
His Father, has dishonour'd with Knight-hood ;
A fellow as poor in experience as in parts,
And one that has a vain-glorious humour to gain a
Reputation amongst the Gentry, by feigning good nature, and
An affection to the King and his Party.
I made a little debauch with other day in their Company,
Where I fore-saw this fellow's destiny, his purse must pay
For keeping this Wench, and all other *Wheadle's* extravagances.
But pray, my Lord,

How

How thrive you in your more honourable
Adventures? Is harvest near? When is the
Sickle to be put i'th' Corn?

Beauf. I have been hitherto so prosperous,
My happiness has still out-flown my faith:
Nothing remains but Ceremonial Charms,
Graciana's fix'd i'th' circle of my Arms.

Sir Fred. Then y'are a happy man for a season.

Beauf. For ever.

Sir Fred. I mistrust your Mistresses Divinity; you'll
Find her Attributes but Mortal:
Women, like Juglers Tricks,
Appear Miracles to the ignorant; but in them-
-Selves th' are meer cheats.

Beauf. Well, well, Cousin; I have engag'd that you this day
Shall be my Guest at my Lord *Bevill's* Table;
Pray make me Master of my promise once.

Sir Fred. Faith I have engag'd to dine with my dear
Lucy; poor Girl, I have lately given her
Occasion to suspect my kindness; yet for your
Sake I'll venture to break my Word,
Upon condition you'll excuse
My errors; you know my
Conversation has not been amongst ceremonious
Ladies.

Beauf. All modest freedom you will find allow'd;
Formality is banish'd thence.

Sir Fred. This Virtue is enough to make me bear
With all the inconveniences of honest Company.

Beauf. The freeness of your humour is your friend,
I have such news to tell thee that I fear
Thou'lt find thy breast too narrow for thy joy.

Sir Fred. Gently, my Lord, lest I find the thing too
Little for my expectation.

Beauf. Know that thy careless carriage has done more
Than all the skill and diligence of Love
Could e're effect.

Sir Fred. What? the Widow has some kind thoughts of my body?

Beauf. She loves you, and dines on purpose at her Brother's house
This day, in hopes of seeing you.

Sir Fred. Some Women like Fishes despise the
Bait, or else suspect it, whilst still it's
Bobbing at their mouths; but subtilly wav'd
By the Angler's hand, greedily hang themselves upon the hook.

There are many so critically wise, they'll suffer
None to deceive them but themselves.

Beauf. Cousin, 'tis time you were preparing for your Mistress,

Sir Fred. Well, since 'tis my fortune, I'll about it.

Widow, thy ruine lie on thy own head:

Faith, my Lord, you can witness 'twas none
Of my seeking.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCEN. III.

Scene Wheadle's Lodging.

Enter Wheadle and Palmer.

Whe. Come, bear thy losses patiently.

Palm. A pox confound all Ordinaries,

If ever I play in an Ordinary agen—

[*Bites his thumb.*]

Whe. Thou'lt lose thy money:

Thou hast no power to forbear;

I will as soon undertake to reclaim

A Horse from a hitch he has learn'd in his pace,

Or an old Mastive from worrying of Sheep.

Palm. Ay, ay, there is nothing can do it but hemp.

Whead. Want of money may do much.

Palm. I protest I had rather still be vicious

Then owe my Virtue to Necessity.

How commendable is chastity in an Eunuch?

I am grown more then half virtuous of late:

I have laid the dangerous Pad now quite aside;

I walk within the Purlieu of the Law.

Could I but leave this Ordinary, this Square,

I were the most accomplish'd man in Town.

Whead. 'Tis pity thou art Master of thy Art;

Such a nimble hand, such neat conveyance.

Palm. Nay, I should have made an excellent Jugler, 'faith:

Whead. Come, be chearful,

I've lodg'd a Deer shall make amends for all;

I lack'd a man to help me set my Toyls,

And thou art come most happily.

Palm. My dear *Wheadle*, who is it?

Whead. My new Friend

And Patron *Sir Nicholas Cully*.

Palm. He's fat, and will say well, I promise you.

Well, I'll do his business most dextrously,

Else let me ever lose the honour

Of serving a Friend in the like nature.

Whead. No more words, but haste, prepare for the design;

Habit your self like a good thrifty Country-man;

Get Tools, Dice, and Money for the purpose,

And meet me at the Devil about three exactly.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, Sir *Nicholas Cully* is without.

Whead. Desire him to walk in.

Here *Palmer*, the back-way, quickly, and be sure——

Palm. Enough, enough, I'll warrant thee.

[*Ex. Palm.*]

Enter Sir Nicholas Cully.

Whead. Sir *Nicholas*, this Visit is too great a favour;

I intended one to you; how do you

Find your self this morning?

Cul. Faith much the dryer for the last nights wetting.

Whead. Like thirsty earth, which gapes the more

For a small showre; we'll soak you

Thoroughly to day.

Cul. Excuse me, faith I am engag'd.

Whead. I am sorry for't;

I meant you a share in my good fortune;

But since it cannot be——

Cul. What? what good fortune?

Whead. Nay, 'twill but vex you to know it,

Since you have not leasure to pursue it.

Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, prethee tell me.

Whead. Now do I want power to keep it from you.

Just as you came in at that door, went

Out at this a Waiting-Gentlewoman,

Sent with a civil Message from her Lady,

To desire the happiness of my Company

This afternoon, where I should have the

Opportunity of seeing another lovely brisk

Woman, newly married to a foolish

Citizen, who will be apt enough to hear

Reason from one that can speak it better than

Her Husband: I return'd my humble

Thanks for the honour she did me, and that

I could not do my self so great an injury

To disobey her will; this is

Th' adventure; But since y^eave bus'ness——

Cul. A pox on bus'ness, I'll defer't.

Whead. By no means for a silly Woman; our Pleasures
Must be slaves to our Affairs.

Cul.

Cul. Were it to take possession of an Estate, I'd neglect it.

Are the Ladies Cavaliers?

Whea. Oh, most Loyal-hearted Ladies!

Cul. How merry will we be then!

Whea. I say, mind your business.

Cul. I'll go and put it off immediately.

Where shall I meet you in the afternoon?

Whea. You'll find me at the Devil about three

A clock, where I expect a second summons as

She passes toward the City.

Cul. Thither will I come without fail; be sure
You wait for me.

[Exit Cully.]

Whea. Wait for thee! as a Cat does for a Mouse

She intends to play with, and then prey upon.

How eagerly did this half-witted fellow chap

Up the bait? like a ravenous Fish, that will

Not give the Angler leave to sink his Line,

But greedily darts up and meets it half way.

[Ex. laughing.]

SCENE IV.

Scene, The Lord Beville's House.

Enter Graciana, and Aurelia immediately after her, with a Letter in her hand.

Grac. The Sun's grown lazier; 'tis a tedious space

Since he set forth, and yet's not half his race.

I wonder *Beaufort* does not yet appear;

Love never lingers, Love sure brings him here.

Aur. Brought on the wings of Love, here I present [Presenting the Letter.

His Soul, whose Body Prisons yet prevent;

The noble *Bruce*, whose Virtues are his Crimes: [Grac. rejects the Letter.

Are you as false and cruel as the times!

Will you not read the story of his grief?

But willfully refuse to give relief?

Grac. Sister, from you this language makes me start:

Can you suspect such vices in my heart?

His Virtues I, as well as you, admire;

I never scorn'd, but pity much his fire.

Aur. If you did pity, you would not reject [Grac. rejects the Letter again.

This Messenger of Love: This is neglect.

Grac. 'Tis cruelty to gaze on Wounds I'm sure,

When we want Balsome to effect their Cure.

Aur.

Aur. 'Tis only want of will in you, you have
Beauty to kill, and Virtue too to save.

Grac. We of our selves can neither love nor hate ;
Heav'n does refer the pow'r to guide our Fate.

Arael. Graciana, ——— [Enter Lord Bevill, Lovis, and the Widow.

Grac. Sister, forbear ; my Father's here.

L. Bev. So Girl ; what, no news of your Lover yet ?

Our Dinner's ready, and I am afraid

He will go nigh to incur the Cooks anger.

Wid. I believe h'as undertook a hard task ;

Sir Frederick, they say, is no easie man

To be perswaded to come among us women.

Lovis. Sir.

[Lovis and Lord Bevill whisper.

L. Bev. What now ?

Wid. I am as impatient as thou art, Girl ;

[To Graciana.

I long to see Sir Frederick here.

L. Bev. Forbear, I charge you on my blessing ;
Not one word more of Colonel Bruce.

Lovis. You gave encouragement Sir to his Love ;
The honour of our House now lies at stake.

L. Bev. You find by your Sisters inclinations
Heaven has decreed her otherwise.

Lovis. But Sir, ———

L. Bev. Forbear to speak, or else forbear the Room.

Lovis. This I can obey, but not the other.

[Exit Lovis.

Enter Foot-boy.

Foot-b. Sir, my Lord Beaufort's come.

L. Bev. 'Tis well.

Wid. D'hear, are there not two Gentlemen ?

Foot-b. Yes Madam, there is another proper handfom
Gentleman.

[Exit Foot-boy.

L. Bev. Come, let us walk in, and give them entertainment.

Wid. Now Cousin, for Sir Frederick, this man of men,
There's nothing like him.

[Exit all but Aurelia.

Aur. With curious diligence I still have strove

[Holding the Letter in
her hand.

During your absence, Bruce, to breath your Love

Into my Sisters bosom ; But the fire

Wants force ; Fate does against my breath conspire :

I have obey'd, though I cannot fulfil,

Against my self, the dictates of your Will :

My Love to yours do's yield ; Since you enjoyn'd,

I hourly court my Rival to be kind ;

With passion too, as great as you can do,

Taught by those wounds I have receiv'd from you.

Small is the difference that's between our grief;

Yours finds no cure, and mine seeks no relief:

You unsuccessfully your Love reveal;

And I for ever must my Love conceal:

Within my bosom I'll your Letter wear,

It is a Tomb that's proper for despair.

[Putting the Letter in her bosom.

[Exit.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Scene, The Lord Bevil's House.

Enter Clark and Dufoy.

Clark, **M**Ethinks the wound your Master gave you
Last night, makes you look very thin and
Wan, Monsieur.

Dufoy. Begar you are mistaké, it be de voundé
Dat my Metresse did give me long ago.

Clark. What? some pretty litle English Lady's
Crept into your heart?

Dufoy. No, but damn'd litle English Whore is creepé
Into my bone begar, me could wish dat de
Diable would také her vid allé my harté.

Clark. You have manag'd your bus'ness ill, Monsieur.

Dufoy. It vas de Raskal Cyrugin English dat did
Manage de businèss illé; me did putté my
Businèss into his haundé; he did stop de
Tapé, and de liquor did varké, varké, varké,
Up into de headé and de shoulder begar.

Clark. Like soap clap'd under a Saddle.

Dufoy. Here come my Matré; holdé your peacé.

[Ex. Clark.

Enter Sir Frederick, Widow, and Maid.

Sir Fred. Whither, whither do you draw me, Widow?
What's your design?

Wid. To walk a turn in the Garden, and then
Repose in a cool Arbour.

Sir Fred. Widow, I dare not venture my self in those amorous
Shades; you have a mind to be talking of Love
I perceive, and my heart's too tender to be trusted
With such conversation.

Wid. I did not imagine you were so foolishly
Conceited; is it your Wit or your Person, Sir,
That is so taking?

Sir

Sir Fred. Truly you are much mistaken, I have no
Such great thoughts of the young man you
See ; who ever knew a Woman have so much
Reason to build her Love upon merit ?
Have we not daily experience of great
Fortunes, that fling themselves into the arms
Of vain idle Fellows ? Can you blame me then
For standing upon my guard ? No, let us
Sit down here, have each on's a Bottle of Wine
At our elbows ; so prompted, I dare enter into
Discourse with you

Wid. Wou'd you have me sit,
And drink hand to fist with you, as if we were
In the *Fleece*, or some other of your beloved
Taverns ?

Sir Fred. Faith I wou'd have thee come as near
As possible to something or other I have
Been us'd to converse with, that I may
The better know how to entertain thee.

Wid. Pray which of those Ladies you use to
Converse with, could you fancy me to
Look like ? be merry, and tell me.

Sir Fred. 'Twere too great a sin to compare thee
To any of them ; and yet th'ast so incens'd
Me, I can hardly forbear to wish thee one
Of 'em. Ho, *Dufoy* !
Widow, I stand in awe of this Gentleman ;
I must have his advice before I dare
Keep you company any further. — How do
You approve the spending of my time
With this Lady ?

Dufoy. Ver vel, Begar ;
I could wish I had never spendé my time in de
Vorsé compaignie.

Wid. You look but ill, Monsieur ; have
You been sick lately ?

Dufoy. I havé de ver great affliction in my mindé,
Madam.

Wid. What is't ?

Dufoy. Truly I havé de ver great passion vor dis
Jentel-woman, and she have no compassion
At all vor me ; she do refusé me all my
Amouré and my adressé.

Wid. Indeed *Betty* you are to blame.

Maid. Out upon him for a French dissembler,
He never spake to me in his life, Madam.

Dufoy. You see, Madam, she scorn'd me vor
Her Serviteur.

Maid. Pray, when did you make any of your French
Lové to mé?

Dufoy. It vil breké my heart to remember de
Time ven you did refusé mé.

Wid. Will you permit me to serve you in this
Business, Monsieur?

Dufoy. Madam, it be d' honour vor de King dé
France.

Wid. Betty, whither run you?

Maid. Ple not stay to be jeer'd by a sneaking
Valet-De-chambrière: I'll be reveng'd

If I live, Monsieur.

[*Ex. Betty.*

Wid. I'll take some other time.

Dufoy. Van you have de leisiré, Madam.

Sir Fred. By those lips, —

Wid. Nay, pray forbear, Sir.

Sir Fred. Who's conceited now, Widow? cou'd
You imagine I was so fond to kiss them?

Wid. You cannot blame me for standing on
My guard so near an Enemy.

Sir Fred. If you are so good at that, Widow,
Let's see, what guard wou'd you chuse to be at
Shou'd the Trumpet sound a Charge
To this dreadful foe?

Wid. It is an idle Question amongst experienc'd
Souldiers; but if we ever have a War,
We'll never trouble the Trumpet; the
Bells shall proclaim our Quarrel.

Sir Fred. It will be most proper; they shall be
Rung backwards.

Wid. Why so, Sir?

Sir Fred. I'll have all the helps that may be to
Allay a dangerous fire; Widows must
Needs have furious flames; the bellows
Have been at work, and blown 'em up.

Wid. You grow too rude, Sir: I will have my
Humour, a walk i'th' Garden; and afterwards
We'll take the Air in the Park.

Sir Fred. Let us joyn hands then, Widow.

Wid. Without the dangerous help of a Parson.

I do not fear it, Sir.

[Ex. Sir Fred. and Wid.]

Dufoy. Begar, I do no care two Soulz if de
Shamber-maid ver hangé; be it not
Great deal better pretendé d' affection to
Her, dan to tellé de hole Varldé I do take
De Medicine vor de clapé? begar it
Be de ver great deale better.

[Ex. Dufoy.]

SCENE II.

Scene, A Garden belonging to my Lord Beville's House.

Enter Beaufort and Graciana.

Beauf. *Graciana*, why do you condemn your Love?
Your Beauty without that, alas! would prove
But my destruction, an unlucky Star,
Prognosticating ruine and despair.

Grac. Sir, you mistake; 'tis not my Love I blame,
But my Discretion; * Here the active flame
Shou'd yet a longer time have been conceal'd.

[* Pointing to her breast.]

Too soon, too soon I fear it was reveal'd.
Our weaker Sex glories in a Surprise,
We boast the sudden Conquests of our Eyes;
But men esteem a Foe that dares contend,
One that with noble Courage does defend
A wounded Heart; the Victories they gain
They prize by their own hazard and their pain.

Beauf. *Graciana*, can you think we take delight
To have our happiness against us fight;
Or that such goodness shou'd us men displease
As do's afford us Heav'n with greater ease?

[Enter Lovis, walking discontentedly.]

See where your Brother comes; his
Carrage has been strange of late to me;
I never gave him cause of discontent;
He takes no notice of our being here:
I will salute him.

Grac. By no means;
Some serious thoughts you see employ his mind.

Beauf. I must be civil. Your Servant, Sir.

Lov. You are my Sisters Servant, Sir; go faw'r
Upon your Mistress; Fare-you-well.

[Ex. Lovis.]

Beauf. Fare-you-well, if you are no better Company.

Heavens!

Heavens ! what is the matter ?

What saucy sorrow dares approach your heart ?

Waste not these precious Tears ; Oh, weep no more !

Shou'd Heaven frown the world wou'd be too poor,

(Rob'd of the sacred Treasure of your eyes)

To pay for Mercy one fit Sacrifice.

Grac. My Brother, Sir, is growing mad, I fear.

Beauf. Your Brother is a man whose noble Mind

Was to severest Virtue still inclin'd ;

He in the School of Honour has been bred,

And all her subtle Laws with heed has read :

There is some hidden cause, I fain would know

From whence these strange disorders in him flow.

Graciana, shall I beg you to dispel

These Mists which round my troubl'd Reason dwell.

Grac. It is a Story I cou'd wish you'd learn

From one whom it does not so much concern ;

I am th' unhappy cause of what y'ave seen ;

My Brother's passion does proceed from mine.

Beauf. This does confound me more ; it cannot be ;

You are the joy of all your family :

Dares he condemn you for a noble love,

Which honour and your duty both approve.

Grac. My Lord, those errors merit our excuse

Which an access of vertue does produce.

Beauf. I know that envy is too base a guest

To have a lodging in his gen'rous breast ;

'Tis some extream of Honour, or of Love,

Or both, that thus his indignation move.

Grac. Er'e I begin, you my sad story end ;

You are a Rival to his dearest Friend.

Beauf. *Graciana,* though you have so great a share

Of Beauty, all that see you Rivals are ;

Yet during this small space I did proclaim

To you, and to the world, my purer flame,

I never saw the man that durst draw near,

With his ambitious Love t'assault your Ear.

What providence has kept us thus asunder ?

Grac. When I have spoke you'll find it is no wonder.

He has a Mistress more renown'd than me,

Whom he does Court, his dearer Loyalty ;

He on his legs does now her favours wear ;

He is confin'd by her foul Ravisher :

You may not know his Person ; but his Name

[*Grac. weeps.*]

Is strange to none that have convers'd with Fame.
 'Tis *Bruce*.

Beauf. The Man indeed I ne're did see,
 But have heard wonders of his Gallantry.

Grace. This gallant Man my Brother ever lov'd ;
 But his Heroick Virtues so improv'd
 In time those seeds of Love which first were sown,
 That to the highest Friendship they are grown.
 This Friendship first, and not his Love to me,
 Sought an Alliance with our Family.
 My Sister and my self were newly come
 From learning how to live, to live at home ;
 When barren of Discourse one day, and free
 With's Friend, my Brother chanc'd to talk of me ;
 Unlucky accident ! his Friend reply'd,
 He long had wish'd their Blood might be ally'd ;
 Then press'd him that they might my Father move
 To give an approbation to his Love :
 His Person and his Merits were so great,
 He granted faster then they could entreat ;
 He wish'd the Fates which govern hearts wou'd be
 So kind to him to make our hearts agree,
 But told them he had made a sacred Vow,
 Never to force what Love should disallow.

[Enter Sir Frederick and Widow.]

But see, Sir *Frederick* and my Aunt.
 My Lord, some other time I will relate
 The story of his Love, and of its Fate.
Sir Fred. How now my Lord ? so grave a countenance
 In the presence of your Mistress ?
 Widow, what wou'd you give
 Your eyes had power to make me such
 Another melancholly Gentleman ?

Wid. I have seen e'ne as merry a man as
 Your self, Sir *Frederick*, brought to stand
 With folded arms, and with a tristful look
 Tell a mournful tale to a Lady.

[Enter a Foot-boy, and whispers Sir Frederick.]

Sir Fred. The Devil owes some men a shame ;
 The Coach is ready ; Widow, I know
 You are ambitious to be seen in my Company.

Wid. My Lord, and Cousin, will you honour
 Me with yours to the Park ; that may take off the
 Scandal of his ?

Enter

Enter Aurelia and Leticia.

Beauf. Madam, we'll wait upon you;
But we must not leave this Lady behind us.

Wid. Cousin Aurelia—

Aurel. Madam, I beg you will excuse me, and
You, my Lord; I feel a little indisposition,
And dare not venture into so sharp an
Air.

Beauf. Your Servant, Madam. [*Exeunt all but Aurelia and Leticia.*]

Aurel. Retire; I wou'd not have you stay with me,
I have too great a train of misery.

If virtuous Love in none be cause of shame,
Why shou'd it be a crime to own the flame?
But we by Custom, not by Nature led,
Must in the beaten paths of Honour tread.
I love thee, *Bruce*; but Heav'n, what have I done!
Leticia, did I not command you hence?

Letic. Madam, I hope my care is no offence:
I am afflicted thus to see you take
Delight to keep your miseries awake.

Aurel. Since you have heard me, swear you will be true;
Leticia, none must know I love but you.

Letic. If I at any time your Love declare,
May I of Heav'n and serving you despair.
Though I am young, yet I have felt this smart;
Love once was busie with my tender heart.

Aurel. Wert thou in love?

Letic. I was.

Aurel. Prethee, with whom?

Letic. With one that like my self did newly bloom:
Methoughts his Actions were above his Years.

[*She weeps.*]

Aurel. *Leticia*, you confirm me by your tears;
Now I believe you lov'd; did he love you?

Letic. That had been more then to my Love was due;
He was so much above my humble Birth,
My Passion had been fitter for his mirth.

Aurel. And does your Love continue still the same?

Letic. Some sparks remain, but Time has quench'd the flame;
I hope 'twill prove as kind to you, and cure
These greater griefs which (Madam) you endure.

Aurel. Time to my bleeding heart brings no relief;
Death there must heal the fatal wounds of grief:

Leticia, come, within this shady Bower
We'll joyn our mournful voices, and repeat
The saddest tales we ever learn'd of Love.

Aurelia

Aurelia and Leticia walk into an Arbour, and sing this Song in Parts.

S O N G.

WHen Phillis watch'd her barmless Sheep
 Not one poor Lamb was made a prey;
 Yet she had cause enough to weep,
 Her silly heart did go astray:
 Then flying to the neighbouring Grove,
 She left the tender Flock to rove,
 And to the Winds did breath her Love.
 She sought in vain
 To ease her pain;
 The heedless winds did fan her fire;
 Venting her grief
 Gave no relief;
 But rather did encrease desire.
 Then sitting with her arms across,
 Her sorrows streaming from each eye;
 She fix'd her thoughts upon her loss,
 And in despair resolv'd to die.

Aurel. Why shou'd you weep, *Leticia*, whilst we sing? [*Walking out of the Arbour.*]
 Tell me from whence those gentle Currents spring.
 Can yet your faded Love cause such fresh showers?
 This water is too good for dying flowers.

Letic. Madam, it is such Love commands this dew
 As cannot fade; it is my love to you.

Aurel. *Leticia*, I am weary of this place;
 And yet I know not whither I should go.

Letic. Will you be pleas'd to try if you can sleep?
 That may deceive you of your cares a while.

Aurel. I will: there's nothing here does give me ease,
 But in the end will nourish my disease.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCEN. III.

Scene, A Tavern.

Enter Wheadle, and immediately after him a Foot-boy.

Whead. The hour is come;
 Where's your Master, Sirrah?

Foot-b. He'll be here immediately, Sir.

D

Whead.

Whead. Is he neatly dress'd ?

Boy. In the very suit he won th'other day
Of the *Buckingham-shire* Grafter.

Whead. Take this Letter, and give it me
When you perceive me talking with
Sir Nicholas Cully, with recommendations from
A Lady ; lurk in some secret place till he's
Come, that he may not perceive you at his
Entrance. Oh, here's *Palmer*.

Thom. what's the price of a score of fat
Weathers ?

Palm. Do they not well become me, boy ?

Whead. Nature doubtless intended thee for a Rogue,
She has so well contriv'd thee for

Disguises. Here comes *Sir Nicholas*.

[*Enter Sir Nicholas.*

Sir Nicholas, come, come ; This is an honest Friend
And Countryman of mine.

Sir Nich. Your servant, Sir ; is not the Lady come by yet ?

Whead. I expect her every moment, — Ho, here's her Boy.
Well, what news ?

[*Enter Boy.*

Boy. My Lady presents her service to you, Sir, and has
Sent you this.

[*Delivers a Letter.*

[*Wheadle reads, and seems much displeas'd.*

Sir Nich. What is the matter, man ?

Whead. Read, read ; I want patience to tell you. [*Gives Cully the Letter.*
Fortune still jades me in all my expectation.

Sir Nich. reading the Letter. The Citizens wife forc'd
To go to *Greenwich* with her husband ;
Will meet some time next week.

Come, come, *Wheadle*, another time will do ;
Be not so passionate, man.

Whead. I must abuse my friend upon an idle
Womans words !

Sir Nich. Pish, 'tis an accident : Come, let us
Drink a glass of Wine, to put these Women
Out of our heads.

Palm. Women ? ho Boys, Women, where are the Women ?

Whead. Here's your merry Country-man.

Palmer sings.

He took her by the Apron.

To bring her to his beck ;

But as he wound her to him

The Apron-strings did break.

Enter

(21)

Enter Drawer with Wine.

Sir Nich. A merry man indeed. *Sir,* my service to you. [*Drinks to Palm.*

Palm. Thank you, *Sir.* Come *Mr. Wheadle*, remembering
My Land-lord, i'faith; wou'd he were e'en among us now.
Come be merry man. * Lend me your hand, *Sir*; you [** To Sir Nich.*
Look like an honest man; here's a good health
To all that are so: Tope—— here pledg me. [*Drinks.*

Sir Nich. *Mr. Wheadle*, to you. [*Gives Sir Nicholas the Glass.*
[*Drinks, and leaves some in the Glass.*

Palm. I'll not abate you an ace. 'Slid, y'are not
So honest as I took you for. [*Sir Nicholas drinks up the rest.*

Palmer Sings.

*If any man baulk Liquor
Let him never baulk the Gallows,
But sing a Psalm there wi'th' Vicar,
Or die in a dirty Ale-house*

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. There's a Country-man below desires to
Speak with his Master *Palmer*.

Palm. So, so, thank thee Lad; it is my man, I
Appointed him to call here; h'as sold the Cattle
I'll warrant you: I'll wait upon you agen
Presently, Gentlemen.

[*Ex. Palmer.*

Whead. Is not this a very pleasant fellow?

Sir Nich. The pleasant'st I ever met with; What is he?

Whead. He's a Buckingham-shire Grafter, very
Rich; he has the fat Oxen, and fat Acres in the Vale:
I met him here by chance, and cou'd not avoid
Drinking a glass o' Wine with him. I believe he's
Gone down to receive money;
'Twere an excellent design to buble him.

Sir Nich. How 'twou'd change his merry note; will you
Try him?

Whead. Do you:
I cannot appear in'r, because he takes me for his Friend.

Sir Nich. How neatly I cou'd Top upon him!

Whead. All things will pass upon him; I'll go
Your half: Talk of Dice, you'll
Perceive if he's coming. What money have you
About you?

Sir Nich. Ten pieces.

Whead. I have about that quantity too, here, take it.
 If he should run us out of our ready money
 Be sure you set him deep upon Tick,
 If he'll be at you, that we may recover it ;
 For we'll not pay a farthing of what we lose
 That way. Hush, here he comes.

*Enter Palmer with a bag of Money under his arm, and flings
 it upon the Table.*

Palm. All my fat Oxen and Sheep are melted
 To this, Gentlemen.

Whead. Their greafe is well try'd, Sir.

Sir Nich. Come, Sir, for all your riches, you are in
 Arrear here. [*Offers him a Glass.*]

Palm. I'll be soon out of your debts: My hearty
 Love to you, Sir. [*Drinks.*] Wou'd
 I had you both in *Buckingham-shire*, and a
 Pipe of this Canary in my Cellar ; we'd
 Roast an Ox before we parted ; shou'd we
 Not, Boy ?

Palmer Sings.

*We'd sing, and we'd laugh, and we'd drink all the day ;
 Our Reason we'd banish, our Senses shou'd sway ;
 And every Pleasure our Wills shou'd obey.*

Palm. Come, drink to me a brimmer if you
 Dare now.

Sir Nich. Nay, if you provoke me you'll find me a
 Bold man : Give me a bigger glass, Boy :
 So, this is fit for men of Worship : Hang your
 Retail Drinkers ; have at thee, my brave Country-man.

[*Drinks.*]

Palm. I'll do all I can for my guts to pledg thee.
 Ho, brave boys ! that's he, that's he, i'faith ; how
 I cou'd hug thee now ! Mr. *Wheadle*, to you.

Whead. I protest, Gentlemen, you'll fright me out
 Of your Company. *Sir Nicholas*, shall we have
 Th' other round.

Sir Nich. Let's pause a while. What say
 You, Gentlemen, if, to pass away the time,
 And to refresh us, we should have a Box and Dice,
 And fling a merry Mayn among our selves in sport ?

Whead. 'Twill spoil good Company ; by no means, *Sir Nicholas*.

Palm. Hang play among Friends ; let's have a Wench :

Sings.

Sings.

*And, Jenny was all my Joy,
 She had my Heart at her will;
 But I left her and her toy
 When once I had got my fill.*

What say you, shall we have her?

Sir Nich. We are not drunk enough for a Wench.

Palm. Let's sing a Catch then.

Whead. Cull. Agreed, agreed.

Whead. Begin, Mr. Palmer.

Palmer sings, standing in the middle, with a Glass of Wine in his hand.

Palm. I have no design here,
 But drinking good Wine here.

Whea. Nor I Boy.

Sir Nic. Nor I, Boy.

Whea. Th' art my Boy.

Sir Nic. Th' art my Boy.

All 3. Our heads are too airy for Plots:

Let us hug then all three,

Since our Virtues agree,

We'll hollow and cast up our Hats.

*[They hollow whilst Palmer drinks, and then
 change till it has gone round.]*

Sir Nich. Enough, enough.

Palm. Very good boys all, very good boys all. Give
 Me a glass of Wine there; fill a Brimmer: Sir
Nicholas, your Lady.

Sir Nich. Pray, Sir, forbear; I must be forc'd to leave
 Your Company else.

Prethee, wheadle, let's have a Box and Dice.

Whead. We shall grow dull. Mr. Palmer, what say
 You to the bus'ness?

Palm. I do not understand Dice: I understand good
 Pasture and drink. — Hang the Devil's bones.

*[Wheadle whispers Cully to send for Dice. Cully
 whispers the Drawer.]*

Palmer Sings.

He that leaves his Wine for Boxes and Dice,

Or his Wench for fear of mishaps,

May be beg all his days, cracking of Lice,

And die in conclusion of Claps.

Enter Drawer with Dice.

Palm. Come, come, Gentlemen, this is the harmlesser Sport of the two ; a merry glass round.

Sir Nich. Excuse me, Sir ; I'll pledge you here.
Come, come, Sir, on Six ; Six is the Main.

[Takes Dice.]

Palm. The Main ? what's the Main ?

Sir Nich. Do not you understand Hazard ?

Palm. I understand Dice, or hap-hazard !

Sir Nich. Can you play at Passage ?

Palm. You pass my understanding : I can fling Most at a throw, for a Shot, or a glass of Wine.

Sir Nich. Passage is easily learn'd : The Caster wins If he fling above ten with Doublets upon Three Dice.

Palm. How Doublets ?

Sir Nich. Two of a sort ; two Cinques, two Tre's, or the like.

Palm. Ho, ho ; I have you.

Sir Nich. Come, set then.

Palm. I set you this Bottle.

Sir Nich. Nay, nay, set money.

Palm. Is it a fair play Mr. *Wheadle* ? I trust to you.

Whead. Upon my word a very fair square play ; but This table is so wet, there's no playing upon it.

Drawer. Will you be pleas'd to remove into the next Room, Gentlemen ?

Sir Nich. I think 'twill not be amiss.

Whead. Much better. Come Mr. *Palmer*.

Palm. I'll follow, Sir.

Palmer sings.

*If she be not as kind as fair,
But peevish and unhandy,
Leave her, she's only worth the care
Of some spruce Jack-a-dandy.
I wou'd not have thee such an Ass,
Hast thou ne're so much leisure,
To sigh and whine for such a Lass
Whose Pride's above her Pleasure*

Sir Nich. Ho brave Boy !

Palm. March on, march on:

Sings.

Sings.

*Make much of e'ry buxome Girl,
Which needs but little Courning;
Her value is above the pearl,
That takes delight in sporting.*

Exeunt Omnes.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Scene, A Tavern.

Enter Sir Nicholas Cully, Wheadle, Palmer, and Drawer.

Palmer. **N** Ay, Sir *Nich'las*, for all your haste, I must
Have a Note under your hand for the thousand
Pounds you owe me.

Whead. This must not be among Friends, Mr. *Palmer*;
Sir Nich'las shall not pay the money.

Sir Nich. I had been a Mad-man to play at such a rate
If I had ever intended to pay.

Palm. Though I am but a poor Country-man, I scorn
To be chous'd; I have Friends in Town.

Whead. But hark you, Mr. *Palmer*.

Palm. Hark me no harks; I'll have my money.

Sir Nich. Drawer, take your Reck'nin'g.

Whead. laughing. Farewel, Sir; haste into the Country to
Mind your Cattle.

Palm. But hark you, Gentlemen; are you in earnest?

Whead. Ay indeed; fare you well, Sir.

Palm. I took you for my Friend, Mr. *Wheadle*;
But now I perceive what you are.

* Your ear, Sir.

[* *To Cully.*]

Whead. Never fear him: he dares not to go into the
Field, without it be among his sheep.

Cul. Agreed; to morrow, about eight in the morning,
Near *Pantridge*.

Whead. I will have the honour to serve you, Sir *Nich'las*.
Provide your self a Second, Mr. *Palmer*.

[*Exeunt Sir Nich. and Wheadle laughing.*]

Palm. So, laugh:
This is the Sheep that I must fleece.

[*Exit.*]

SCEN.

SCEN. II.

Scene, Covent-Garden.

Enter Sir Frederick Frolick, with Fiddlers before him, and six or eight Link-boys, dancing and singing.

Sir Fred. Here, here, this is the window ; range your Selves here.

Enter the Bell-man.

Bell-m. Good-morrow, Gentlemen.

Sir Fred. Honest Bell-man, prethee lend me thy Bell.

Bell-m. Withall my heart, Master.

[Sir Fred. rings the Bell, and then repeats these Verses.

Sir Fred. You Widow, that do sleep dog-sleep,
And now for your dead Husband weep,
Perceiving well what want you have
Of that poor worm has eat in Grave ;
Rise out of Bed, and ope the door ;
Here's that will all your joys restore.

Good-morrow, my Mistress dear, Good-morrow.

Good-morrow, Widow.

[He rings the Bell again.

The Chamber-maid comes to the Window unlac'd, holding her Petticoats in her hand.

Maid. Who's that that comes at this unseasonable Hour, to disturb my Ladies quiet.

Sir Fred. An honest Bell-man, to mind her of her frailty.

Maid. Sir Frederick, I wonder you will offer this ;
You will loose her favour for ever.

Sir Fred. Y^a e mistaken ; now's the time to creep into Her favour.

Maid. I'm sure y^ave wak'd me out of the sweetest sleep.
Hey ho——

Sir Fred. Poor girl ! let me in, I'll rock Thee into a sweeter.

Maid. I hear a stirring in my Mistresses Chamber ;
I believe y^ave frightened her.

Sir Fred. Sound a fresh Alarm ; the Enemy's at hand.

*[Exit Maid.
Fiddlers play.*

The Widow comes to the Window in her Night-Gown.

Wid. Whose insolence is this, that dares affront me Thus ?

Sir Fred. in If there be insolence in Love, 'tis I
a Caring Tone. Have done you this unwilling injury.

Wid.

Wid. What pitiful rhyming fellow's that? he speaks
As if he were prompted by the Fidlers.

Sir Fred. Alas, what pains I take thus to unclose
Those pretty eye-lids which lock'd up my Foss!

Wid. A godly Buke would become that tone a great
Deal better: He might get a pretty living by
Reading Mother *Shipton's* Prophecies, or some
Pious Exhortation at the corner of a Street:
His mournful voice, I vow, has mov'd my compassion.

Sir Fred. Ay, ay, we shou'd have a fellow-feeling of one
Another indeed, Widow.

Wid. *Sir Frederick*, is it you?

Sir Fred. Yes truly; and can you be angry, Lady?
Have not your Quarters been beaten up
At these most seasonable hours before now?

Wid. Yes; but it has been by one that has had a Commission
For what he did: I'm afraid shou'd it once become
Your Duty, you would soon grow weary of the Employment.

Sir Fred. Widow, I hate this distance; 'tis not the English fashion:
Prethee let's come to't hand to fist.

Wid. give no entertainment to such lewd persons.
Farewell, Sir.

Sir Fred. I'll fetch thee again, or conjure the whole Garden up.
Sing the Catch I taught you at the *Rose*.

[Exit *Wid.*

[*Fidlers* sing.

SONG.

HE that will win a Widows heart
Must bear up briskly to her:
She loves the Lad that's free and smart,
But hates the formal Wooer.

Widow runs to the window again, with her Maid.

Wid. Hold, hold, *Sir Frederick*; what do you imagine
The Neighbours will think?

Sir Fred. So ill, I hope, of thee, thou'lt be forc'd to
Think the better of me.

Wid. I am much beholden to you for the care you have
Of my Reputation.

Sir Fred. Talk no more, but let the door be open'd;
Or else *Fidlers*——

Wid. Pray hold; what security shall I have for
Your good behaviour?

Sir Fred. My Sobriety.

Wid. That's pawn'd at the Tavern from whence
You came.

Sir Fred. Thy own Honesty then ; is that engag'd ?

Wid. I think that will go nigh to secure me.

Give 'em entrance, Betty.

[*Ex. Widow, and her Maid.*]

Enter Palmer, with a Link before him.

Sir Fred. Ha ! who goes there ?

Palm. An humble Creature of yours, Sir.

Sir Fred. Palmer in a disguise ! What roguery

Hast thou been about ?

Palm. Out of my loyal inclinations doing
Service to his Majesty.

Sir Fred. What ? a plotting ?

Palm. How to destroy his enemies, Mr. *Wheadle*
And I are very vigilant.

Sir Fred. In bubbling of some body, on my life.

Palm. We do not tise to boast our services,
Nor do we seek Rewards ; good actions
Recompense themselves.

Sir Fred. Ho, the door opens ; farewell, Sirrah.
Gentlemen, wait you without, and be ready
When I call.

Honest Bell-man, drink this.

[*Gives the Bell-man money.*]

Bell-m. Thank you, Noble Master.

[*Exit Bell-man.*]

Sir Fred. *entrin.* Here's something to stop thy mouth too.

[*The Maid shrieks.*]

Maid. Out upon you, Sir Frederick ; you'l never leave
Your old tricks.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCEN. III.

Scene, The Widows House.

Enter Sir Frederick, leading the Widow, follow'd by her Maid.

Sir Fred. Little did I think I shou'd ever have been brought
To this pass : Love never had the power to rob me
Of my rest before.

Wid. Alas, poor Gentleman ! he has not been us'd to
These late hours.

Sir Fred. Widow, do not you be peevish now ; 'tis dangerous
Jesting with my affection ; 'tis in its infancy, and
Must be humour'd.

Wid. Pray teach me how, Sir.

Sir Fred. Why, with kisses, and such pretty little dalliances ;
Thus, thus.

[*Kisses her.*
Wid.]

wid. Hold, hold, Sir; if it be so froward, put it out
To Nurse; I am not so fond of it as you imagine;
Pray how have you dispos'd of your brave Camerades?
Have you left them to the mercy of the Beadle?

Sir Fred. No, you must be acquainted with their Virtues.
Enter, Gentlemen.

*Enter the Fiddlers, and a Masque of the Link-boys, who are Dancing-
masters, disguis'd for the Frolick.*

wid. These are men of skill.

Sir Fred. I disguis'd 'em for your entertainment.

[*After the Masque.*]

wid. Well, Sir, now I hope you'll leave me to my
Rest.

Sir Fred. Can you in conscience turn a young man
Out of doors at this time o'th' night, Widow?
Fie, fie, the very thought on't will keep you
Waking.

wid. So pretty, so well-favour'd a young man;
One that loves me.

Sir Fred. Ay, one that loves you.

wid. Truly 'tis a very hard-hearted thing.

Sir Fred. Come, come be mollifi'd. You may go, Gentlemen,
And leave me here; you may go.

[*She sighs.*]

[*To the Masquers.*]

wid. You may stay, Gentlemen; you may stay,
And take your Captain along with you:
You'll find good Quarters in some warm Hay-loft.

Sir Fred. Merciless Woman! Do but lend me thy Maid; faith I'll
Use her very tenderly and lovingly, even as I'd use
Thy self, dear Widow, if thou wou'dst but make proof
Of my affection.

wid. If the Constable carry your suspicious person to the
Compter, pray let me have notice of it; I'll send my
Taylor to be your Bail.

Sir Fred. Go, go to bed, and be idle, Widow; that's worse then
Any misfortune I can meet with. Strike up, and give
Notice of our coming. Farewell, Widow;
I pity thy solitary condition.

[*Exeunt Fiddlers playing.*]

SCEN. IV.

Scene, Sir Frederick's Lodging.

Enter Dufoy, and Clark.

Clark. I wonder Sir Frederick stays out so late.

Dufoy. Dis is noting; fix, seven a clock in de morning

Is ver good hour.

Clark. I hope he does not use these hours often.

Dufoy. Some six, seven time a week ; no oftiner.

Clark. My Lord commanded me to wait his coming.

Dufoy. Marré Clark, to divertise you, I vil tell you
How I did get be acquainted vid dis bedlam Matre.

About two, tree year ago me had for my conveniance

[Enter a Foot-boy.

Dischargé my self from attending as Matré D'ostel to

A person of Condition in *Parie* ; it hapen after de

Dispatch of my littel affairé——

Foot-b. That is, after h'ad spent his money, Sir.

Dufoy. Jan foudre de Lacque ; me vil have de Vip
And de Belle vor your breech, Rogue.

Foot-b. Sir, in a word, he was *Jack-pudding* to a Mountebank,

And turn'd off for want of wit ; my Master pick'd him

Up before a Puppet-show, mumbling a half-penny

Custard, to send him with a Letter to the Post.

Dufoy. Morbleu, see, see de insolance of de Foot-boy English,

Bogre Rascale, you lye, begar I vil cutté your troaté.

[Exit Foot-boy.

Clark. He's a Rogue ; on with your story, Monsieur.

Dufoy. Marré Clark, I am your ver humble *Serviteur* ; but

Begar me have no patience to be abusé. As I did say, After

De dispatché of my affairé, van day being Idelé, vich

Does producé de Mellanchollique, I did valké over

De new Bridge in *Parie*, and to devertise de time,

And my more serious toughté, me did look to see

De Marrioneté and de Jack-puddingé, vich

Did lay hundred pretty triké, time de

Collation vas comé ; and vor I had no companie, I vas

Unvilling to go to de Cabareté, but did buy a Darriolé,

Littel Custardé vich did satisfie my apetite ver vel :

In dis time young Mounseur de *Grandvil* (a Jentelman

Of ver great *Qualitty*, van dat vas my ver good Friendé,

And has don me ver great and insignal faveure)

Come by in his Caroché, vid dis Sir *Frollick*, who did

Pention at de same Academy, to learn de

Language, de bon mine, de great horse, and

Many oder triké ; Monsieur seeing me did

Make de bowé, and did beken, beken me come

To him ; he did tellé me dat de Englis Jentelman

Had de Letré vor de Posté, and did entrearé

Me (if I had de oppertunity) to see de Letré

Deliver ; he did tellé me too, it vould be ver great

Obligation : de memory of de faveur I had

Receive

Receive from his Famelyé, beside de inclination I
Naturally have to servé de étrangeré, made me
Retourné de complemen vid ver great civility,
And so I did take de Letré, and see it deliveré.
Sir *Frollick* perceiving (by de managment of dis
Affairé) dat I vas man d' esprit, and of vitté, did
Entreaté me to be his Serviteur; me did take
D' affection to his Personé, and vas contenté to live
Vid him, to counsel and to advise him. You see
Now de lye of de Bougre dé Lacque Englihé, Morbleu.

Enter a Foot-man.

Foot-m. Monsieur, the Apothecary is without.

Dufoy. Dat néws be no ver welcome, begar.
Mattré Clarke, go and sit you down; I vil but swal
My break face, and be vid you again presant.
Morbleu L' apothecaré.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCEN V.

Scene, A Field.

Enter Wheadle and Cully.

Cully. Dear *Wheadle*, this is too dangerous a testimony
Of thy kindness.

Whead. I shou'd be angry with you if you thought so:
What makes you so serious?

Cul. I am sorry I did not provide for both our safeties.

Whead. How so?

Cul. Colonel *Hersford* is my neighbour, and very good
Friend; I might have acquainted him with
The business, and got him with a File of
Musketers to secure us all.

Whead. But this wou'd not secure your Honour.
What wou'd the world have judg'd?

Cul. Let the world have judg'd what it wou'd: Have:
We not had many presidents of late, and
The world knows not what to judge?

Whead. But you see there was no need to hazard
Your Reputation; here's no enemy appears.

Cul. We have done our duty, let's be going then.

Whead. We ought to wait a while.

Cul. The air is so bleak, I vow I can no longer
Endure it.

Whead. Have a little patience, methinks I see two

Making

Making towards us
In the next Close.

Cul. Where, where ? 'tis them.

Whead. Bear up bravely now like a man.

Cul. I protest I am the worst dissembler
In cases of this nature.

Whead. Alon; look like a man of resolution.
Whither, whither go you ?

Cul. But to the next house to make my will,
For fear of the worst; tell them I'll be here
Again presently.

Whead. By no means; if you give 'em the least occasion
To suspect you, they'll appear like Lions.

Cul. Well, 'tis but giving security for the money;
That will bring me off at last.

Enter Palmer and his Second.

Palm. I see you ride the Fore-horse, Gentlemen.

[All strip but Cully, who fumbles with his Doublet.]

Whead. Good-morrow, Sir.

Sec. Come, Sir, let us match the swords.

[To Wheadle.]

Whead. With all my heart.

[They match the Swords.]

Palmer Sings.

*He had and a good right Bilbo blade,
Wherewith he us'd to vapour;
Full many a stubborn Foe had made
To wince and cut a caper.*

Sec. Here's your sword, Sir.

[To Palmer.]

Palm. Come, Sir, are you ready for this sport ?

[To Cully.]

Cul. By and by, Sir; I will not rend the buttons from my
Doublet for no mans pleasure.

Whead. Death, y'ave spoil'd all; make haste.

Cul. Hang 'em, the Devil eggs 'em on; they will fight.

Palm. What, will you never have done fumbling ?

Sec. This is a shame; fight him with his Doublet on;
There's no foul play under it.

Palm. Come, Sir, have at you.

[Making to Cully.]

Sec. Here, here, Sir.

[To Wheadle.]

Whead. I am for you, Sir.

[Wheadle and the Second seem to fight.]

Cul. Hold, hold, I beseech you, Mr. Palmer, hear me,
Hear me.

Whead. What's the matter ?

Cul.

Cul. My Conscience will not let me fight in a wrong Cause; I will pay the money, I have fairly lost it.

Whead. How contemptible is man, overcome by the worst of Passions, Fear! it makes him as much below Beasts As Reason raises him above them. I will my self Fight you both; Come on, if you dare.——

Cul. Prethee, dear *Wheadle*, do but hear me.

Whead. I disown all the kindness I ever had for you: Where are these men of valour, which owe their Virtue to this man's Vice? let me go, I will chastise Their insolence my self.

[*Cully holds him.*]

Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, bear with the frailties of Thy Friend.

Whead. Death, what wou'd you have me do? can I serve You with any thing more dear then my life?

Cul. Let us give them security.

Whead. Do you know what is is you wou'd do? have you consider'd What a thousand Pounds is! 'tis a Fortune for any one man.

Cul. I will pay it all; thou shalt be no loser.

Whead. Do you hear, Shepherd? how do you expect This money?

Palm. I expect such security for it as my friend shall advise.

Sec. A Warrant to confess a Judgment from you both.

Whead. You shall be damn'd first; you shall Have nothing.

Palm. and Sec. We'll have your bloods.

[*They proffer to fight; Cully holds Wheadle.*]

Whead. Let me go.

Cul. Dear *Wheadle*, let it be so. You shall Have a Judgment, Gentlemen.

Whead. I will take care hereafter with whom I engage.

[*The Second pulls papers out of his pocket.*]

What? you have your tackling about you.

Sec. We have Articles for Peace, as well as Weapons For War.

Whead. Dispatch, dispatch then, put me to no more Torment with delays.

Sec. Come Sir *Nicholas* to the Book; you see we are favourable, We grant you the benefit of your Clergy.--Your [*Cul. subscribes on Palmer's* Helping hand, good M^r *Wheadle*, to finish the work. back, & then *Wheadle*.

Whead. Take that into the bargain.

[*Kicks him.*]

Palm. You shall have another, if you please, at the price.

Sec. We seldom quarrel under a thousand pounds.

Palm. and Sec. We wish you merry, Gentlemen.

Palmer.

Palmer Sings.

*Come, let's to the Tavern scape,
And drink whilst we can stand;
We thirst more for the blood o' th' Grape
Than for the blood of man.*

[*Exeunt Palmer and Second.*]

Whead. Do you see now what men of mighty prowess
These are?

Cul. I was to blame, indeed.

Whead. I am in such a passion I know not what
To do: Let us not stand gazing here;
I wou'd not have this known for a Kingdom.

Cul. No, nor I neither.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCEN. VI.

Scene, The Lord Bevil's House.

Enter my Lord Bevil and Lovis.

Lovis. 'Tis yet within your pow'r, Sir, to maintain
Our Honour, and prevent this threatening stain.

L. Bev. Forbear this wicked insolence: Once more
I charge you think on your Obedience.

[*Exit L. Bevil.*]

Lovis. Beauty, what art thou, we so much admire!
Thou art no real, but a seeming fire,
Which, like the glow-worm, only cast'st a light
To them whose Reason Passion does benight.
Thou art a Meteor, which but blazing dies,
Made of such vapours as from us arise.

Within thy guilty beams lurk cruel Fates,
To peaceful Families, and warring States.
Unhappy Friend, to doat on what we know —

[*Ent. a Servant.*]

Serv. Sir, Colonel Bruce, unexpectedly released from
His Imprisonment, is come to wait upon you.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Lovis. What shall I do! Ye Powers above be kind,
Some counsel give to my distracted mind:
Friendship and shame within me so contend,
I know not how to shun or meet my Friend.

Enter Bruce.

Bruce. Where is my gen'rous Friend? Oh Noble Youth,
How long have I been rob'd of this content?
Though deprivation be the greatest pain,

[*They embrace.*]

When

When Heav'n restores our happiness again,
 It makes amends by our encrease of joy,
 Perfecting that which it did once destroy.
 Dear Friend, my love does now exact its due;
Graciana must divide my heart with you:
 Conduct me to your Sister, where I may
 Make this my morn of Joy a glorious day.
 What means this sad astonishment!

Lovis. How can we chuse but with confusion greet,
 When I your joys with equal sorrows meet?

Bruce. O Heav'n! must my afflictions have no end!
 I scap'd my Foe, to perish by my Friend.
 What strange disaster can produce this grief!
 Is *Graciana* dead? Speak, speak; be brief.

Lovis. She lives; but I could wish her dead.

Bruce. Rath man! why should your envy swell so high,
 To wish the world this great calamity?
 With the whole frame of Nature were dissolv'd;
 That all things to a Chaos were revolv'd.
 There is more charity in this desire;
 Since with our loss, our sorrows woud expire.

Enter Aurelia.

Lovis. Here comes *Aurelia*, sent for my relief;
 Heav'n knows her tongue can best express this grief:
 Examine her, and you shall find ere long
 I can revenge, though not relate your wrong.

Bruce. For pity haste, *Aurelia*, and declare
 The reasons of your Brothers frighting care;
 My soul is rack'd with doubts, until I know.
 Your silence and your looks, *Aurelia*, show
 As if your kindness made you bear a part
 Of those great sorrows that afflict his heart.

Aurel. His passion is so noble and so just,
 No gen'rous Soul can know it but it must
 Lay claim unto a portion, as its due:
 He can be thus concern'd for none but you.

Bruce. Kind Maid, reveal what my misfortunes are;
 Friendship must not engross them, though it share.
 I wou'd not willingly my Love suspect;
 And yet I fear 'tis answer'd with neglect.

Aurel. My Sister, by unlucky stars misled,
 From you and from her happiness is fled;
 Unskilful in the way, by passion press'd,
 She has took shelter in anothers breast.

F

[Kisses her hand.]

[After a pause.]

Bruce.

Bruce. Fate, thou hast done thy worst, thy Triumph sing;
Now thou hast stung so home, th'ast lost thy sting.

I have not power, *Graciana*, to exclaim

Against your fault; indeed you are to blame.

[After a pause.]

Lovis. Tell me, did she her promise plight, or give
Your love encouragement enough to live?

Bruce. It was her pity sure, and not her Love,
That made her seem my passion to approve:

My story was unpleasant to her ear

At first; but time had made her apt to hear

My Love: She told me that it grew her grief,

As much as mine, my pain found no relief;

Then promis'd she'd endeavour the decrease

Of that in her which warr'd against my peace.

'Twas in this joyful spring of Love that I

Was ravish'd from her by our enemy:

My hopes grew strong, I banish'd all despair:

These glowing sparks I then left to the care

Of this fair maid, thinking she might inspire

My passion, and blow up the kindling fire.

Lovis. Alas! she, to my knowledg, has been true;

Sh'as spoke and sigh'd all that she cou'd for you.

Aurel. When you were forc'd to end, I did proceed,

And with success the catching fire did feed;

Till Noble *Beaufort*, one unlucky day,

A visit to our Family did pay;

Newly arriv'd from Foreign Courts, and Fraught

With all those Virtues that in Courts are taught:

He with his am'rous Tales so charm'd her ear,

That she of Love from none but him wou'd hear.

Bruce. That heart which I so long with toyl and pain

Besieg'd, and us'd all stratagems to gain, [Enter a Servant, and whispers

Is now become within a trice we see

with Lovis.]

The Triumph of anothers Victory.

There is a fate in love, as well as war;

Some though less careful more successful are.

Lovis. Do not this opportunity withstand;

These Lovers now are walking hand in hand

Ith' Garden; fight him there, and sacrifice

His heart to that false Womans cruel eyes:

If fate be so unjust to make thee fall,

His blood or mine shall wait thy Funeral.

Bruce. Young man, this rashness must have my excuse,

Since tis your friendship does your fault produce;

If powers above did not this passion sway,
But that our Love our Reason did obey,
Your Sister I with justice might accuse,
Nor wou'd I this occasion then refuse.

Lovis. Does *Bruce* resolve thus tamely to decline
His int'rest, and like foolish women pine?
Can that great heart which in your breast does dwell
Let your fond griefs above your courage swell?

Bruce. My passions grow unruly, and I find
Too soon they'll raise a Tempest in my mind.

Graciana, like fond Parents, y'are to blame
You did not in its youth correct my flame;
'Tis now so head-strong, and so wild a fire,
I fear to both our ruines 'twill conspire:

I grow impatient, Friend, come lead me where
I may to her my injur'd Love declare.

Graciana, yet your heart shall be my prize,
Or else my heart shall be your Sacrifice.

Despair's the issue of ignoble minds,

And but with Cowards entertainment finds.

[*Exeunt Lovis and Bruce.*]

Anrel. Heav'n grant some moderation to this rage,
That Reason their swel'd passions may assuage.

Oh, *Bruce*! thou little think'st the Fates in me
Have to the full reveng'd thy injury.

[*Exit.*]

SCEN. VII.

Scene, A Garden belonging to my Lord *Bevill's* House.

Enter Beaufort and Graciana.

Beauf. Madam, what you have told so much must move
All that have fence of Honour or of Love,
That for my Rival I cou'd shed a Tear,
If grief had any pow'r when you are near.

Grac. Leave this discourse; your Mistress you neglect,
And to your Rival all your thoughts direct.

Enter Bruce and Lovis, and stand undiscover'd.

Beauf. Forgive me, dear *Graciana*, I have been
By my compassion sooth'd into a sin.

The holiest man that to the Altar bows

With wand'ring thoughts too often stains his Vows.

Bruce. *Graciana*, you are alter'd much, I find; [*Surprising her by the hand.*]

Since I was here y'ave learn'd how to be kind,

The god of Love, which sub'ly let you sway,

Has stoln your heart, and taught it to obey.

Grac. Heav'ns! what strange surprize is this!

Bruce. Hither I'm come to make my lawful claim;
You are my Mistris, and must own my flame.

Beauf. Forbear, bold man, and do not tempt thy fate; [*Taking her by the other hand.*
Thou hast no right, her Love does right create:

Thy Claim must to my Title here give place;

'Tis not who loves, but whom she's pleas'd to grace.

Grac. Hear me but speak: *Bruce*, you divide my care;

Though not my Love, you my Compassion share;

My heart does double duty; it does mourn

For you brave *Bruce*; for you brave *Beaufort* burn.

Bruce. Your pity but destroys: if you would save,
It is your Love, *Graciana*, I must have.

Beauf. Her Love is mine, she did it now declare;
Name it no more, but vanish and despair.

Bruce. Death, do you think to conjure me away!
I am no Devil that am forc'd to obey:

If y'are so good at that, here are such charms [*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Can fright y into the circle of her arms.

Beauf. Here is a Sword more fit for my defence;

This is not courage, *Bruce*, but insolence.

[*Grac.* takes *Beauf.* in her arms.
Graciana, let me go, my heart wants room.

Grac. My arms till now were ne're thought troublefom.

Bruce. *Beaufort*, I hope y'ave courage to appear,
Where sacred Sanctuary is not near.

I'll leave you now, within that happy state.

Which does provoke my fury and my hate.

Grac. You must not meet him in the field, to prove

A doubtful Combate for my certain Love.

Beside, your heart is mine; will you expose

The heart you gave me to its raging foes?

Those men want honour who stake that at play

Which to their Friends their kindness gave away.

Beauf. *Graciana*, why did you confine me so

Within your arms? you shoud have let me go:

We soon had finish'd this our hot debate,

Which now must wait a longer time on Fate.

Grac. None, in combust'ons blame such as desire

To save their precious Goods from raging fire.

Banish this passion now, my Lord, and prove

Your anger cannot over cloud your Love.

Beauf. Your glorious presence can this rage controul,

And make a calm in my tempestuous soul;

But

But yet there must be time; the Sun does bear
 A while with the fierce tempests of the Air,
 Before he make those stormy conflicts cease,
 And with his conquering beams proclaims a peace. [Exeunt.]

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Enter Lord Beaufort and Louis.

Louis. Farewel, my Lord, I'll to my Friend declare

How generous you in your acceptance were.
Beauf. My Honour is as forward as my Love,

On equal wings of jealousy they move:

I to my Rival will in neither yield;

I've won the Chamber, and will win the Field.

Louis. Your Emulation, Sir, is sworn so high,

You may be worthy of his Victory:

You'll meet with Honour blown, not in the bud,

Whose Root was fed with vast expence of blood. [Exit Louis.]

Enter Sir Frederick.

Sir Fred. What, my Lord, as studious as a Country

Vicar on a Saturday in the afternoon?

I thought you had been ready for the Pulpit.

Beauf. I am not studying of speeches for my Mistress;

'Tis action that I now am thinking on,

Wherein there's Honour to be gain'd;

And you, Cousin, are come luckily to share it.

Sir Fred. On my life a prize to be plaid for your Mistress:

I had notice of your Quarrel, which brought me

Hither so early with my Sword to serve you,

But dares so zealous a Lover as your Lordship

Break the commandment of your Mistress? I heard,

Poor Lady, she wept, and charg'd you to sleep

In a whole skin? but young men never know

When th' are well.

Beauf. Cousin, my love to her cannot make me forget my duty

To my Family.

Sir Fred. Pray whose body must I exercise my skill

Upon?

Beauf. You met the man; *Graciana's* Brother.

Sir Fred. An expert Gentleman, and I have not

Fenc'd of late, unless it were with my

Widows Maids; and they are e'en too hard
For me at my own weapon.

Beauf. Cousin, 'tis time we were preparing for the
Field.

Sir Fred. I wait to serve you, Sir.

Beauf. But yet with grief, *Gracina*, I must go,
Since I your Brother there shall meet my Foe:
My fate too near resembles theirs where he
Did wound himself that hurt his Enemy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCEN. II.

Enter Wheadle, and Palmer dress'd like the Lord Bevil.

Whead. So, my *Protem*, exactly dress'd!
Dexterous Rogue! Is *Grace* ready in her Geers, and
Sett'd in my Lady *Darwell's* house?

Palm. Every trap is baited.

Whead. I'll warrant thee then we catch our *Cully*:
He's gone to put himself into a fantastick
Garb, in imitation of *Sir Frederick Frollick*;
He's almost frantick with the very conceit
Of gaining the rich Widow. But hark, I
Hear him coming; slip down the back way,
And to your charge.

[*Exit Palmer.*]

Enter Cully.

Sir Nich. Wheadle, and what think you of this
Habit? is it not very modish?

Whead. As any man need wear: How did you
Furnish your self so suddenly?

Sir Nich. Suddenly? I protest I was at least at
Sixteen Broakers, before I cou'd put my self
Exactly into the fashion; but now I desire
Sir Frederick; I am as fine as he, and will be as mad
As he, if that will carry the Widow, I'll warrant
Thee.

Whead. Is it not better pushing thus for a Fortune,
Before your Reputation's blasted
With the infamous names of Coward and Gamester?
And so become able to pay the thousand pounds without noise,
Then going into the Country, selling your Land,
Making a havock among your Woods, or mortgaging
Your Estate to a scrupulous Scrivener, that will
Whisper it into the ears of the whole Town,

By inquiring of your good behaviour ?

Sir Nich. Excellent *Wheadle* ! And will my Lord
Bevil speak my commendations to his
Sister ?

Whead. She is impatient till she see you, Sir ;
For in my hearing, upon the account I gave him
Of you, he told her you were the prettiest, wittiest,
Wildest Gentleman about the Town, and a Cavalier
In your heart ; The only things that take her.

Sir Nich. *Wheadle*, come, I will go to the Tavern,
And swallow two whole quarts of Wine
Instantly, and when I am drunk
Ride on a Drawers back to visit her.

Whead. Some less Frolick to begin with.

Sir Nich. I will cut three Drawers over the pate then,
And go with a Tavern-Lantern before me at noon-day.
Come away.

[*Exeunt, Cully singing.*]

SCEN. III.

Enter Palmer and Grace.

Palm. Do not I look like a very Reverend Lord,
Grace ?

Grace. And I like a very fine Lady, Mr. *Palmer*.

Palm. Yes in good faith, *Grace* ; what a rogue is that
Wheadle, to have kept such a Treasure to himself,
Without communicating a little to his Friends ?

Grace. Forbear ; you'll be out in your Part,
My Lord, when *Sir Nich'las* comes.

[*Offers to kiss her.*]

Palm. The truth is, my Lady, I am better
Prepar'd at this time to act a Lover than
A Relation.

Grace. That grave dress is very amorous indeed.

Palm. My Virtues, like those of Plants in the Winter,
Are retir'd ; your warm Spring
Wou'd fetch 'em out with a vengeance.

Enter Jenny in haste.

Jenny. Mr. *Wheadle* and *Sir Nich'las* are come.

Palm. Away, away then, Sister ; expect your Kew.

*Enter Wheadle, and Sir Nicholas, kicking a Tavern boy before him, who
has three Bottles of Wine on a Roap hanging at his back.*

Cul. singing. *Then march along, Boys ; valiant and strong, Boys.*

So, lay down the Bottles here.

Whead.

Whead. My Lord, this is the worthy Gentleman
That I told you was
Ambitious to be your Sisters Servant.

Cul. Hither I am come, my Lord, to drink
Your Sisters Health, without offence, I hope.

Palm. You are heartily welcome, Sir.

Cul. Here's a Brimmer then to her, and all the
Fleas about her.

Palm. Sir, I'll call her self to pledg it.

Cul. Stay, stay, my Lord, that you may
Be able to tell her you have drunk it. [*Palmer drinks and exits.*

Wheadle. how do you like this? [*Draws his sword.*

Shall I break the Windows?

Whead. Hold, hold; you are not in a
House of evil reputation.

Cul. Well admonish'd; Sir Frederick Frollick!

Enter Palmer and Grace.

Palm. This is Sir Nick'las, Sister.

Cul. I, Madam, I am Sir Nick'las, and how do you like me?

Grace. A pretty Gentleman.

Pray, Sir, are you come a House-warming,
That you bring your Wine with you?

Cul. If you ask such pert Questions,

Madam, I can stop your mouth, [*Kisses her.*

Hither I am come to be drunk,

That you may see me drunk; and

Here's a Health to your Flannel Petticoat. [*Drinks.*

Grace. Mr. *Wheadle*, my service to you; a Health to you. [*She drinks part.*

To Sir Nick'las's great Grand-father's Beard-brush.

Cul. Nay, pledg me; ha——

Grace. You are not quarrellsome in your drink,
I hope, Sir.

Cul. No, faith; I am wondrous loving. [*Hugs her.*

Grace. You are a very bold Lover.

Cul. Widow, let you and I go upon the ramble.
To night.

Grace. Do you take me for a Night-walker, Sir?

Cul. Thou shalt be witness how many Constables
Staves I'll break about the Watchmens ears;

How many Bell-men I'll rob of their Verses;

To furnish a little Appartment in the back side

Of my Lodging.

Grace. I believe you are an excellent man at
Quarter-staff, Sir.

Cul.

Cul. The odds was on my head against any Warrener
In all our Country; but I have left it off this
Two year. My Lord, what say you, Do you think
Your sister and I shou'd not furnish a Bed-chamber
As well as two soberer people? what think you, my Lord?

Grace. I, and a Nursery too, I hope, Sir.

Cul. Well said, Widow, i'faith; I will get upon thy body
A generation of wild Cats, children that shall
Waw, waw, scratch their Nurses, and be drunk
With their sucking-bottles.

Whead. Brave Sir Nich'las.

Cul. *Wheadle*, give me a Brimmer; the Widow
Shall drink it to our Progeny.

Where, where is she gone?

Palm. You have frighted her hence, Sir.

Cul. I'll fright her worse, if I find her in a corner.
Ha, Widow, I'll follow you; I'll follow you, ha.

Whead. The Wine makes the Rogue witty; he
Over-acts the Part I gave him;

Sir *Frederick* is not half so mad: I will keep
Him thus elevated till he has married *Grace*,
And we have the best part of his Estate at our mercy.

Palm. Most ingenious *Wheadle*!

Whead. I was not born to ease nor Acres;
Industry is all my stock of living.

[*The women shriek within.*]

Palm. Hark, he puts them to the squeek.

Whead. We must go and take him off; he's as fierce
As a Bandog that has newly broke his chain.

[*Exeunt laughing.*]

SCEN. IV.

Scene, A Field.

Enter Bruce and Lovis, and traverse the Stage.

Then enter four or five men in disguises.

1 *Man.* This way they went; be sure you kill the Villain;
Let pity be a stranger to your breasts.

2 *Man.* We have been bred, you know, unacquainted with
Compassion.

3 *Man.* But why, Colonel, shou'd you so eagerly
Pursue his life? he has the report of
A gallant Man.

1 *Man.* He murder'd my Father.

G

3 *Man.*

3 *Man*. I have heard he kill'd him fairly in
The Field at *Nasby*.

1 *Man*. He kill'd him, that's enough; and I my self
Was witness: I accus'd him to the
Protector, and stubborn'd Witness
To have taken away his life by form
Of Law; but my Plot was discover'd, and
He yesterday releas'd; since which I've
Watch'd an opportunity, without the
Help of seeming Justice, for my Revenge.
Strike home. —

3 *Man*. We are your hired slaves; and since
You'll have it so, we'll shed his blood,
And never spare our own.

[*Exeunt, drawing their Swords.*]

Enter Beaufort and Sir Frederick, and traverse the Stage.

Enter Bruce and Lovis at another door.

Bruce. Your Friendship, noble Youth, 's too prodigal;
For one already lost you venture all;
Your present happiness, your future joy;
You for the hopeless your great hopes destroy.

Lovis. What can I venture for so brave a friend?
I have no hopes but what on you depend.
Shou'd I your Friendship and my Honour rate
Below the value of a poor Estate,
A heap of dirt! Our Family has been
To blame, my blood most here atone the sin.

Enter the five Villains with drawn Swords.

Heav'ns! what is there an Ambuscado laid!
Draw, dearest Friend, I fear we are betray'd.

1 *Vill.* *Bruce*, look on me, and then prepare to die.

Bruce. O Treacherous Villain!

1 *Vil.* Fall on, and sacrifice his blood to my Revenge.

Lovis. More hearts then one shall bleed, if he must die.

Enter Beaufort and Sir Frederick.

Beauf. Heav'ns! what's this I see! Sir *Frederick*, draw;
Their blood's too good to grace such
Villains Swords. Courage, brave men; now
We can match their Force.

Lovis. We'll make you, slaves, repent
This Treachery.

Beauf. So.

Bruce. They are not worth pursuit; we'll let them go.
Beave men! this action makes it well appear

[*Pulling off his
Vizard.*]

[*They fight.*]

[*The Villains run.*]

'Tis Honour and not Envy brings you here.

Beauf. We come to conquer, *Bruce*, and not to see
Such Villains rob us of our Victory.

Your lives our fatal swords claim as their due;
W'ad wrong'd our selves had we not righted you.

Bruce. Your gen'rous courage has oblig'd us so,
That to your succour we our safety owe.

Louis. Y'ave done what men of Honour ought to do,
What in your cause we wou'd have done for you.

Beauf. You speak the truth, w'ave but our duty done;
Prepare: Duty's no obligation.

Bruce. My Honour is dis-satisfi'd; I must, [*He strips.*
Louis and Sir Frederick strip.
My Lord, consider whether it be just

To draw my Sword against that life which gave
Mine, but e'en now, protection from the grave.

Beauf. None come into the Field to weigh what's right,
This is no place for Council, but for Fight.
Dispatch.

Bruce. I am resolv'd I will not fight.

Beauf. Did I come hither then only to fright
A company of fearful slaves away?

My Courage stoops not at so mean a prey:
Know, *Bruce*, I hither come to shed thy blood.

Bruce. Open this bosom, and let out a flood.

Beauf. I come to Conquer bravely in the Field,
Not to take poor revenge on such as yield.

Has nothing pow'r, too backward man, to move
Thy Courage? Think on thy neglected Love:

Think on the beauteous *Graciana's* Eyes;
'Tis I have robb'd thee of that glorious prize.

Bruce: There are such charms in *Graciana's* Name, [*Strips hastily.*
My scrup'lous Honour must obey my Flame:

My lazy Courage I with shame condemn:
No thoughts have power streams of blood to stem.

Sir Fred. Come, Sir, out of kindness to our Friends
You and I must pass a small complement

On each other. [*They all fight.*

*Beaufort after many Passes closes with Bruce; they fall; Beaufort
disarms him.*

Beauf. Here, live. [*Giving Bruce his Sword again.*

Bruce. My Lord, y'ave gain'd a perfect Victory;
Y'ave vanquish'd and oblig'd your enemy.

Beauf. Hold, gallant men.

[*Bruce and Beaufort part Louis and Sir Frederick.*
G 2 *Louis.*

Lovis. Before we bleed : Do we here fight a Prize,
Where handfom proffers may for Wounds fuffice ?
I am amaz'd ! What means this bloodlefs Field ?

Bruce. The stoutest heart muſt to his fortune yield.
Brave Youth ! here Honour did with Courage vie ;
And both agree to grace your Victory.
Heaven with ſuch a Conqueſt favours few :
'Tis eaſier to deſtroy then to ſubdue.

[To Beauf.

Our bodies may by brutiſh force be kill'd ;
But noble Minds alone to Virtue yield.
My Lord, I've twice receiv'd my life from you ;
Much is to both thoſe gen'rous actions due :
The noble Giver I muſt highly prize,
Though I the Gift, heav'n knows, as much deſpiſe.
Can I deſire to live, when all the Joy
Of my poor life its Ransom does deſtroy !
No, no, *Graciana's* loſs I'll ne'r ſurvive ;
I pay too dear for this unſought Reprieve.

[Falls on his Sword, and is diſperately wounded.

Beauf. Hold gallant man ! Honour her ſelf does bleed ;

[Running to him, takes him in his arms.

All gen'rous hearts are wounded by this deed.

Lovis. He does his blood for a loſt Miſtreſs ſpend ;
And ſhall not I bleed too to brave a Friend ?

[*Lovis offers to fall on his Sword, but is bindred by*
Sir Frederick.

Sir Fred. Forbear, Sir ; the Frollick's not to go round, as I
Take it.

Beauf. 'Twere greater Friendſhip to aſſiſt me here :
I hope the wound's not mortal, though I fear —

Bruce. My Sword, I doubt, has fail'd in my relief ;
'Thas made a vent for blood, but not for grief.

[*Bruce ſtrugling, Lovis and Sir Frederick help to hold him.*

I let me once more the unkind Weapon try.

Will you prolong my pain ? oh cruelty !

Lovis. Ah, deareſt *Bruce*, can you thus careleſs be
Of our great friendſhip, and your Loyalty !
Look on your Friend ; your drooping Country view ;
And think how much they both expect from you.

You for a Miſtreſs waſte that precious blood,
Which ſhou'd be ſpent but for our Maſters good.

Sir Fred. Expence of blood already makes him faint ;
Let's carry him to the next houſe, till we can
Procure a chair to convey him to my Lord *Bevill's*,

The best place for accommodation.

[*They all take him up.*

Beauf. Honour has plaid an after-game; this Field
The Conq'rouer does unto the Conquer'd yield.

[*Exeunt.*

SCEN. V.

Enter Graciana weeping.

Grac. Farewel all thoughts of happiness, farewel:
My fears together with my sorrows swell:
Whilst from my eyes there flows this Chrystal flood,
From their brave hearts there flows such streams of blood.
Here I am lost, while both for me contend;
With what success can this strange Combate end!
Honour with Honour fights for Victory,
And Love is made the common enemy.

Enter Lord Bevil.

L. Bevil weeping. Ah, Child! —

Grac. Kill me not with expectation, Sir.

L. Bev. The gen'rous *Bruce* has kill'd himself
For you: Being disarm'd, and at his Rival's mercy,
His Life and Sword were given him by the
Noble Youth; He made a brave acknowledgment
For both; but then considering you were lost,
He scorn'd to live; and falling on his Sword,
Has giv'n himself a mortal wound.

[*Exit L. Bevil.*

Enter Aurelia weeping.

Aurel. Cruel *Graciana*, Go but in and see
The fatal Triumph of your Victory.
The Noble *Bruce*, to your eternal shame,
With his own blood has quench'd his raging flame.

Grac. weeping. My carriage shall in these mi-fortunes prove
That I have Honour too, as well as Love.

Aurel. aside, Thy sorrows, sad *Aurelia*, will declare
At once, I fear, thy Love and thy Despair:
These streams of grief straight to a flood will rise;
I can command my Tongue, but not my eyes.

[*Exit Aurel.*

Grac. In what a Maze, *Graciana*, dost thou tread!
Which is the Path that doth to Honour lead?
I in this Lab'rinth so resolve to move,
That none shall judge I am misled by Love.

Enter Beaufort.

Beauf. Here Conq'rouers must forget their Victories;
And homage pay to your victorious Eyes.

Graciana.

Graciana, hither your poor slave is come,
After his Conquest to receive his doom;
Smile on his Vict'ry; had he prov'd untrue
To Honour, he had then prov'd false to you.

Grac. Perfidious man, can you expect from me
An approbation of your Treachery!

When I, distracted with prophetick fears,
Blasted with sighs, and almost drown'd in tears,
Begg'd you to moderate your Rage last night,
Did you not promise me you wou'd not fight?

Go now and triumph in your Victory;

Into the Field you went my Enemy,

And are return'd the only man I hate,

The wicked instrument of my sad fate.

My Love has but dissembled been to thee,

To try my gen'rous Lover's constancy.

[Exit Graciana.

Beauf. Oh Heav'n! how strange and cruel is my fate!
Preserv'd by Love, to be destroy'd by hate!

[Exit Beaufort.

SCEN. VI.

Scene, The Widows House.

Enter Betty and Lettice, the two Chamber-maids, severally.

Betty. Oh, *Lettice*, we have staid for you.

Lett. What hast thou done to the French-man,
Girl? he lies yonder neither dead nor drunk;
No body knows what to make of him.

Betty. I sent for thee to help make sport with him;
He'll come to himself, never fear him:
Have you not observ'd how scurvily h'as look'd
Of late?

Lett. Yes; and he protests it is for love of you.

Betty. Out upon him, for a dissembling Rascal;
H'as got the foul Disease;
Our Coachman discover'd it by a Bottle of Diet
Drink he brought and hid behind the stairs, into which
I insus'd a little *Opium*.

Lett. What dost intend to do with him?

Betty. You shall see.

*Enter Coach-man, with a Tub without a bottom, a shut at the top to be
lock'd, and a hole to put ones head out at, made easie to be born on
ones shoulders.*

Coach-m. Here's the Tub; where's the French-man?

Betty.

Betty. He lies behind the stairs; haste and bring him in,
That he may take quiet possession of this wooden Tenement;
For 'tis near his time of waking.

*The Coach-man and another Servant bring in Dufoy, and put him
into the Tub.*

Is the Fidler at hand that us'd to ply at the blind
Ale-house?

Coach-m. He's ready.

Enter a Fidler.

Betty. Well, let's hear now what a horrible noise you
Can make to wake this Gentleman.

Lett. He wants a helping hand; his eye-lids
Are seal'd up; see how the wax sticks upon 'em.
Let me help you, Monsieur.

*[Fidler plays a Tune,
Dufoy begins to wake.]*

Dufoy. Vat aré you? Jernie! vat is dis! am I
Jack in a boxé? begar, who did putté
Me here?

Betty. Good-morrow, Monsieur; will you be pleas'd
To take your Pills this morning?

Dufoy. Noé; but I vo'd have de diable take youé;
It vas youé dat did abusé me dus, vas
It noté? begar I vil killé ale de
Shamber-maid in *Englandé*.

Lett. Will you be pleas'd to drink, Monsieur?
There's a Bottle of your Diet-drink within.

Dufoy. Are youé de littel diable come to tormenté mé?
Morbleu! vas ever man afronté in dis nature!

Betty. Me-thinks he has serbon, mine Monsieur,
Now if you please to make your little Addresé,
And your amouré, you will not find me so coy.

Dufoy. Begar I vil no marié de cousin Germain
Of de diable.

Lett. What shou'd he do with a Wife? he has not
House-room for her.

Betty. Why do you not keep your head within
Doors, Monsieur?

Lett. Now there's such a storm abroad.

Dufoy. Why did not youé keep your Maiden-headé
Vid in dooré? begar, tellé me daté.

Coach-m. Have you any fine French Commodities to sell,
Gloves and Ribbands? y'ave got
A very convenient shop, Monsieur.

Dufoy. I do hope you vil have verié
Convenient halteré, begar.

Jerry. Can I not taré dis tingé in de pieces ?

Betty. You begin to sweat, Monsieur; the Tub is Proper for you.

Dufoy. I have no more patiencé ;
I vil breaké dis prison, or I vil breaké
My necké, and ye shall alé be hangé.

[Struggles to get out.

Let. He begins to rave ; bless the poor man.

Betty. Some Musique quickly, to

Compose his mind.

[The Musique plays ; and they Dance about him.

How prettily the snail carries his Tenement

[He walks with the Tub on his

Oa his back ! I'm sorry I am but his Mistress :

back,

If I had been your Wife, Monsieur, I had made

You a compleat snail ; your horns

Shou'd have appear'd.

Dufoy. I vil have de patiencé, dere is no order remedé ;

You be alé de Raskalé Whore ; de diable

Take you a'é ; and I vil say no more, begar.

Betty. This is a very fine Vessel, and wou'd swim well ;
Let's to the Horse-pond with him.

Let. Come, come, he looks as sullenly as a Hare.

In her Form ; let's leave him.

Coach-m. Your Serviteur tres humble, Monsieur. [Exeunt all but Duf.

Dufoy. Bougré, I canno hangé my selfé ; begar I canno

Drowné my selfé ; I vil go hidé my selfé,

And starvé to dyé ; I vil no be de laughé

For every Jackanapé Englishé. Morbleu.

SCEN VII.

Sir Frederick is brought in upon a Bier, with a mourning Cloth over him,
attended by a Gentleman in a mourning Cloak : Four Fiddlers carry the
Corps, with their Instruments tuck'd under their Cloaks.

Enter the Widow weeping.

Mourner. Madam, you must expect a bloody consequence
When men of such prodigious courage fight.

The young Lord Beaufort was the first that fell,

After his Sword too deeply had engag'd

His Rival not to stay behind him long.

Sir Frederick with your Nephew bravely fought ;

Death long did keep his distance, as if he

Had fear'd excess of Valour ; but when they,

Oreloaded with their wounds, began to faint,

He with his terrors did invade their breasts.

Fame soon brought many to the Tragick place,
 Where I found my dearest Friend, Sir Frederick,
 Almost as poor in breath as blood:
 He took me by the hand, and all the stock h'ad left
 He spent, Madam, in calling upon you.
 He first proclaim'd your Virtues, then his Love;
 And having charg'd me to convey his Corps hither
 To wait on you, his latest breath expir'd with
 The Command.

Wid. The World's too poor to recompense this loss.
 Unhappy woman! why shou'd I survive
 The only man in whom my joys did live?
 My dreadful grief!

[*The Fiddlers prepare.*]

Enter Dufoy in his Tab.

Dufoy. Oh my Matré, my Matré; who has kill my
 Matré? Morbleu, I vil— [The Widow shrieks, and runs out: All the
 Fiddlers run out in a fright.]

Oh, de diablé, de diablé! [Sir Frederick starts up, which frights Dufoy.]

Sir Fred. What devilish accident is
 This? or has the Widow undermin'd me?

[Enter the Widow and her Maid laughing.]

I shall be laugh'd to death now indeed,
 By Chamber-maids; why have you no
 Pity, Widow?

Wid. None at all for the living; Ha, ha, ha.
 You see we are provided for your Frolick, Sir; ha, ha.

Sir Fred. Laugh but one minute longer I will foreswear
 Thy company, kill thy Tabby Cat, and make thee weep
 For ever after.

Wid. Farewell, Sir; expect at night to see the old
 Man, with his paper Lanthorn and crack'd
 Spectacles, singing your woful Tragedy
 To Kitchen-maids and Coblers Prentices.

[Widow offers to go, Sir Frederick holds her by the arm.]

Sir Fred. Hark you, hark you, Widow:
 By all those Devils that have
 Hitherto posses'd thy Sex——

Wid. No swearing, good Sir Frederick,

Sir Fred. Set thy face then; let me not see the remains
 Of one poor smile: So now I will kiss thee,
 And be friends.

[Widow falls out a laughing.]

Not all thy wealth shall hire me to
 Come within smell of thy breath again.

Jealousie, and, which will be worse for thee, Widow, Impotence

Light upon me, if I stay one moment longer with thee.

[Offers to go.

Wid. Do you hear, Sir; can you be so angry with one
That loves you so passionately she cannot survive
You?

Sir Fred. Widow, May the desire of man keep thee
Waking till thou art as mad as I am.

[Exit Sir Frederick.

Wid. How lucky was this accident!

How he wou'd have insulted

Over my weakness else!

Sir Frederick, since I've warning, you shall prove
More subtil ways, before I own my Love.

[Exeunt.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Scene, The Lord *Bevill's* House.

• Enter *Lovis*, a *Chirurgion*, *Servants*, carrying *Bruce* in a Chair.

Chir. Courage, brave Sir; do not mistrust my Art.

Bruce. Tell me, didst thou e'er cure a wounded heart?
Thy skill, fond man, thou here employ'st in vain;
The ease thou giv'st does but encrease my pain.

Lovis. Dear *Bruce*, my life does on your life depend;
Though you disdain to live, yet save your Friend.

Bruce. Do what you please; but are not those unkind
That ease the body, to afflict the mind? [The *Chirurgion* dresses him.
Oh cruel Love! thou shoot'st with such strange skill,
The wounds thou mak'st will neither heal nor kill:
Thy flaming Arrows kindle such a fire
As will not waste thy Victims, nor expire!

Enter *Aurelia*.

Lovis. Is the wound mortal? tell me; [To the *Chirurgion*.
Or may we cherish hopes of his Recovery?

Chir. The danger is not imminent; yet my Prognostick
Boads a sad event: For though there be no great
Vessel dissected, yet I have cause to fear
That the Parenchyma of the right lobe of the lungs,
Near some large branch of the *Aspera arteria*,
Is perforated.

Lovis. Tell me in English, will he live or die?

Chir. Truly I despair of his recovery.

[Exit *Chirurgion*.

Aurel. aside. Forgive me, Ladies, if excess of Love
M. beyond rules of Modesty does move,

And,

And, against custom, makes me now reveal
 Those flames my tortur'd breast did long conceal;
 'Tis some excuse, that I my Love declare
 When there's no medicine left to cure despair. [*Weeps by the Chair side.*]

Bruce. Oh Heav'n; can fair *Aurelia* weep for me!
 This is some comfort to my misery.

Kind Maid, those eyes should only pity take
 Of such as feel no wounds but what they make:
 Who for another in your sight does mourn,
 Deserves not your compassion, but your scorn.

Aurel. I come not here with tears to pity you;
 I for your pity with this passion sue.

Bruce. My pity! tell me, what can be the grief,
 That from the miserable hopes relief!

Aurel. Before you know this grief, you feel the pain.

Bruce. You cannot love, and not be lov'd again:
 Where so much Beauty does with Love conspire,
 No mortal can resist that double fire.

Aurel. When proud *Graciana* wounded your brave heart,
 On poor *Aurelia*'s you reveng'd the smart:
 Whilst you in vain did seek those wounds to cure,
 With patience I their torture did endure.

Bruce. My happiness has been so long conceal'd,
 That it becomes my misery reveal'd:
 That which shou'd prov'd prove my joy, now proves my grief;
 And that brings pain, which, known, had brought relief.

Aurelia, why wou'd you not let me know,
 Whilst I had pow'r to pay, the debt I owe?
 'Tis now too late; yet all I can I'll do;
 I'll sigh away the breath I've left for you.

Aurel. You yet have pow'r to grant me all I crave;
 'Tis not your Love I court, I court your Grave.
 I with my flame seek not to warm your breast,
 But beg my ashes in your Urn may rest:
 For since *Graciana*'s loss you scorn'd t'out-live,
 I am resolv'd I'll not your death survive.

Bruce. Hold, you too gen'rous are; yet I may live:
 Heav'n for your sake may grant me a reprieve.

Aurel. Oh, no; Heav'n has decreed, alas, that we
 Shou'd in our Fates, not in our Loves agree.

Bruce. Dear Friend, my rashness I too late repent;
 I ne're thought death till now a punishment.

Enter Graciana.

Grac. Oh, do not talk of death! the very sound

Once more will give my heart a mortal wound :

Here on my knees I've sinn'd I must confess
Against your Love, and my own happiness ;

I, like the child, whose folly proves his loss,
Refus'd the gold, and did accept the dross.

Bruce. You have in *Beaufort* made so good a choice,
His virtue's such, he has his Rival's voice ;
Graciana, none but his great Soul cou'd prove
Worthy to be the centre of your Love.

Grac. You to another wou'd sue Virtue give,
Brave Sir, as in your self does only live.
If to the most deserving I am due,
He must resign his weaker claim to you.

Bruce. This is but flattery ; for I'm sure you can
Think none so worthy as that gen'rous man :
By honour you are his.

Grac. Yet, Sir, I know
How much I to your gen'rous passion owe ;
You bleed for me ; and if for me you die,
Your loss I'll mourn with vow'd Virginity.

Bruce. Can you be mindful of so small a debt,
And that which you to *Beaufort* owe forget ?
That will not Honour but Injustice be ;
Honour with Justice always does agree.
This gen'ous pity which for me you shew,
Is more then you to my misfortunes owe :
These tears, *Graciana*, which for me you shed,
Ore-prize the blood which I for you have bled :
But now I can no more —

My Spirits faint within my wearied breast.

Louis. Sister, 'tis fit you give him leave to rest.
Who waits ?

[Enter Servants.]

With care convey him to his bed.

Bruce. Hold —

Dearest *Aurelia*, I will strive to live,
If you will but endeavour not to grieve.

Louis. Brave man ! The wonder of this Age thou'lt prove,
For matchless Gratitude, and gen'rous Love.

[Exit all but *Graciana*.]

Grac. How strangely is my soul perplex'd by fate !
The man I love I must pretend to hate ;
And with dissembled scorn his presence fly,
Whose absence is my greatest misery !

Enter

*Enter Beaufort.**Beauf.* Hear me, upon my knees I beg you'll hear.

She's gone.

There was no need, false woman, to encrease

My misery with hopes of happiness.

This scorn at first had to my Love and me

But Justice been; now it is Cruelty.

Was there no way his constancy to prove,

But by your own inconstancy in Love?

To try anothers Virtue cou'd you be,

Graciana, to your own an enemy?

Sure 'tis but passion which she thus does vent,

Blown up with anger and with discontent,

Because my Honour disobey'd her Will,

And *Bruee* for love of her his blood did spill.

I once more in her eyes will read my fate;

I need no wound to kill me, if she hate.

— [*Exit Graciana.*]

SCEN. II.

*Enter Cully drunk, with a blind Fellow led before him playing on a Cymbal, follow'd by a number of boys hollowing, and persecuting him.**Cul.* Villains, sons of unknown fathers, tempt
Me no more.[*The boys bout at him, he draws his Sword.*]I will make a young generation of Cripples, to
Succeed in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* and *Covent-Garden*.The barbarous breeding of these *London-boys*! [*Frights the boys away.*]*Boy that leads the Cymbal.* Whicher do you intend to go, Sir?*Cul.* To see the wealthy Widow,*Mrs. Rich.**Boy.* Where does she dwell, Sir?*Cul.* Hereabouts; enquire; I will Serenade
Her at noon-day.[*Exeunt.*]*Enter the Widow and her maid Betty.**Wid.* Where is this poor Frenchman, Girl? h'as done me
Good Service.*Betty.* The Butler has got him down into the Cellar, Madam,
Made him drunk, and laid him to sleep among
His empty Cask.*Wid.* Pray, when he wakes let him be releas'd of his
Imprisonment; *Betty*, you use your Servant too severely.[*The Cymbal plays without.*
Hark,

Hark, what ridiculous noise is that? it sets my teeth
An edge worse then the scraping of Trenchers;

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, a rude drunken fellow, with a Cimbale before
Him, and his sword in his hand, is press'd into your House.

Enter Cully and Cimbale: The women shriek.

Cul. Sirrah, play me a bawdy Tune, to please the
Widow; have at thee, Widow.

Betty. 'Tis one of *Oliver's* Knights, Madam,
Sir Nicholas Cully; his Mother was my Grand-mother's
Dairy maid.

Enter Servants; they lay hands on him, and take away his Sword.

Cul. Let me go; I am not so drunk but I can stand
Without your help, Gentlemen.
Widow, here is Musick; send for a Parson,
And we will dance *Barnaby* within this
Half hour.

Wid. I will send for a Constable, Sir.

Cul. Hast a mind to see me beat him? how those Rogues
Dread me! Did not *Wheadle* tell thee upon what
Conditions I wou'd condescend to make thee my
Bed-fellow, Widow, speak?

Wid. This is some drunken mistake; away with him,
Thrust him out of door.

Enter a Servant: Clashing of Swords and noise without.

Serv. Help, help, for Sir Frederick.

Wid. What's the matter?

Serv. He is fighting, Madam, with a Company of Bayliffs,
That wou'd arrest him at the door.

Wid. Hasten every one, and rescue him quickly. [*Exeunt all but Cully.*]

Cul. Widow, come back, I say, Widow;
I will not stir one foot after thee:

Come back, I say, Widow.

[*Falls down and sleeps.*]

Enter Dufoy.

Dufoy. Var de diablé de be matrè? here is de ver
Strange varké in dis house; de Vemen day do
Cry, ha, ha, ha; de men day do run, day do
Take de Barton, de dung-vorké, and de vire-vorké:
Var is here, van killé?

[*Looking on Cully.*]

Enter Betty.

Betty. You are a trusty Servant, indeed: here you are lock'd
Up, while your poor Master is arrested, and dragg'd
Away by unmerciful Bayliffs.

Dufoy. My Matrè? Jernie! Metres Bet, letté me go;

Begar

Begar I vil kill allé de bogre de
Bailié, and recover my Matré. Bogre de Bailié.

Betty. So, make all the haste you can. [She helps him out of the Tub.

Dufey. Morbleu ! bogre de Bailié !

I vil go prepare to killé a toufand Bailié

Begar : Bogre de Bailié.

[Exit.

Enter the Widow and Servant severally.

Wid. Well, what news ?

Serv. Madam, they have arrested him upon an
Execution for Two hundred pounds, and carried
Him to a Bayliffs house hard by.

Wid. If that be all, Betty, take my key, and give him
The money in Gold ; do you content the Bayliffs,
But let Sir Frederick know nothing of it ;
And then let them bring him to my house
As their Pris'ner : dispatch.

[Exeunt Betty and Servant.

Enter a Foot-boy.

Foot-b. Pray, Madam, is there not a stray Gentleman
Here, misled by drink ?

Wid. There lies the beast you look for ;
You had best remove him quickly,
Or I shall cause him to be put into the Pound.

[Exit Widow.

Foot-b. If I do not get this fool clear off before he
Comes to himself, our plot is quite spoil'd :
This Summer-Livery may chance to hover over
My shivering limbs next Winter.
Yonder sits honest Palmer, my poor Master,
In a Coach, quaking for fear ; all that
See him in that reverend disguise,
Will swear he has got the Palsie.
Ho, Sir Nich'las.

[Pulls him.

Cul. I will drink three Beer-glasses to the Widows health
Before I go.

Foot-b. The Widow stays for you, to wait upon her
To the Exchange.

Cul. Let her go into her Bed-Chamber and meditate ;
I am not drunk enough to be seen in her company.

Foot-b. I must carry him away upon my back ; but,
Since things may go ill, 'tis good to make sure
Of something ; I'll examine his pockets first :
So, for this I thank my own ingenuity ; in this
Way of plain dealing I can live without the
Help of my Master.

[Enter a Servant.

Pray, Sir, will you help me up with my burden.

Serv.

Serv. I am sure your Master has his load already.

[*They lift him up.*]

Cul. Carry me to my Widow, Boy: Where is my

Musique?

Enter Sir Frederick with the Bayliffs, who are Fiddlers disguis'd, with their Fiddles under their Coats, at one door; and the Widow at another.

Boy. There is no hopes now;

I le shift for my self.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Sir Fred. Widow, these are old acquaintance of mine,

Bid them welcome: I was coming

To wait upon you before; but meeting

Them by the way, they press'd me to drink——

[*Cully reels against Sir Frederick.*]

Cul. *Sir Frederick!* Widow, bid him welcome; he is

A very good friend of mine, and as mad a fellow as my self.

Kiss, kiss the Widow, man; she has a plump

Under-lip, and kisses smartly.

Sir Fred. What's here? *Cully* drunk, transform'd into a Gallant,

And acquainted with the spring and proportion of the

Widows lips!

Cul. I, I am drunk, Sir; am I not Widow? I scorn to be

Soberer then your self, Sir; I will drink with you, swear

With you, break windows with you, and

So forth.

Sir Fred. Widow, is this your Champion?

Wid. You have no exceptions against him, I hope;

He has challeng'd you at your own weapons.

Cul. Widow, *Sir Frederick* shall be one of our Bride-men;

I will have none but such mad fellows at our Wedding;

But before I marry thee I will consider upon it. [*He sits down and sleeps*]

Sir Fred. Pray, Widow, how long have you been acquainted

With this mirror of Knighthood?

Wid. Long enough you hear, Sir, to treat of Marriage.

Sir Fred. What? You intend me for a reserve then?

You will have two strings to your bow, Widow;

I perceive your cunning; and faith I think I shall

Do the heartier service, if thou employ'st me by the by.

Wid. You are an excellent Gallant indeed; shake off

These lowlie Companions; come carry your Mistress

To the Park, and treat her at the Mulberry-garden

This glorious Evening.

Sir Fred. Widow, I am a man of business, that ceremony's

To be performed by idle fellows.

Wid. What wou'd you give to such a friend as sho'd dispatch

This

This business now, and make you one of those idle Fellows.

Sir Fred. Faith, pick and chuse; I carry all my wealth about Me; do it, and I am all at thy service, Widow.

Wid. Well, I have done it, Sir; you are at liberty, And a leg now will satisfy me.

Sir Fred. Good faith, thou art too reasonable, dear Widow; Modesty will wrong thee.

Wid. Are you satisfi'd?

Fidl. Yes, Madam.

Enter Dufoy, with a Helmet on his head, and a great Sword in his hand.

Dufoy. Vare are de bougre de Baylié?

Tetibleu, bougre Rogue.

[He falls upon the Fiddlers.]

Fidl. Help, help, Sir Frederick, murder, murder! alas, Sir, we Are not Bayliffs; you may see we are men of an honest

Vocation.

[They shew their Instruments.]

Sir Fred. Hold, hold, thou mighty man at Arms.

Dufoy. Morbleu, de Fidler! and is my Matré at liberty? play Me de Trichaté, or de Jegg Englishé, quicklie,

Or I vil make you all dance

Vidout your Fiddle; quiké.

Wid. I am over-reach'd, I perceive.

[Dufoy dances a Leg.]

Sir Fred. Kind Widow, thank thee for this release. [Shakes his pockets.]

Laugh, Widow; ha, ha, ha: where is your counterplot, Widow?

Ha, ha, ha. Laugh at her, *Dufoy.* Come,

Be not so melancholy; we'll to the Park:

I care not if I spend a piece or two upon thee in Tarts and

Cheescakes. Pish, Widow, why so much out of humour?

'Tis no shame to love such a likely

Young Fellow.

Wid. I cou'd almost find in my heart to punish my self,

To afflict thee, and marry that drunken Sott I never

Saw before.

Sir Fred. How came he hither?

Wid. Enquire elsewhere; I will not answer thee one

Question; nor let thee see me out of a Mask any more

This Fortnight.

Sir Fred. Go, go into thy Closet, look over thy old Receipts,

And talk wantonly now and then with thy Chambermaid:

I shall not trouble thee much till this is spent;

[Shakes his Pockets.]

And by that time thy foolish Vow will be near over.

Wid. I want patience to endure this insolence.

Is my charity rewarded thus?

Sir Fred. Pious Widow, call you this Charity? 'twill get Thee little hereafter; thou must answer for every sin It occasions: Here is Wine and Women In abundance.

[Shakes his Pockets.

Wid. Avoid my house, and never more come near me.

Sir Fred. But hark you, hark you, Widow; do you think This can last always?

Wid. Ungrateful man!

[Exit Widow.

Sir Fred. She's gone; impatience for these two hours Possess her, and then I shall be pretty well Reveng'd.

Dufoy. Begar, Matré, have you not de ver faithful Serviteur? you do never take notice of my merit.

Sir Fred. *Dufoy*, thou art a man of courage, and hast done Bravely; I will cast off this Suit a week sooner then I intended, to reward thy service.

Dufoy. Begar I have several time given you ver Dangerous testimonie of my affection.

Enter a Servant, and takes up Cully in his arms.

Sir Fred. Whither do you carry him?

Serv. Sir, there is an old Gentleman below in a Coach, Very like my Lord Bevil,

Who, hearing what a condition *Sir Nich'ls* was in, Desired me to bring him to him in my arms.

Cul. Let me go; where is the Widow?

Sir Fred. What Widow?

Cul. Mistress Rich; she is to be My wife.

Sir Fred. But do you hear, *Sir Nich'ls*? how long have you Courted this Widow?

Cul. Mr. *Wheadle* can tell you: trouble me not with idle Questions. *Sir Frederick*, You shall be welcom at any time; she loves men That will roar, and drink, and Serenade her.

Sir Fred. This is some strange mistake; Sure *Wheadle*, intending To chouse him, has shew'd him some counterfeit Widow; And he, being drunk, has been misguided to the true Widow's house. The fellow in the Coach may Discover all; I will step and see who it is: Hold him here, *Dufoy*, till I return: Gentlemen, Come you with me.

[Exit Sir Frederick and Fiddlers.

Cul. Where is my Mistress?

Dufoy. Vat Metres?

Cul.

Cul. The Widow.

Dufoy. She be de Metres of my *Matré*.

Cul. You lye, *Sirrah*.

Dufoy. Begar you be de *Jackanape* to tellé
Me I do lyea.

Cul. You are a French Rascal, and I will blow
Your nose without a handkerchief. [*He pulls Dufoy by the nose.*]

Duf. Helpé, helpé me; *Morbleu*; I vil beat you vid my fisté
And my footé, tellé you aské me de pardon; take
Dat and daté; aské me de pardon.

[*Cully falls down, and Dufoy beats him.*]

Cul. I ask you pardon, *Sirrah*?

Dufoy. *Sirrah*? Tettibla. [*Offers to strike.*]

Enter Sir Frederick and Fiddlers, leading in Palmer trembling.

Sir Fred. Hold, hold, *Dufoy*.

Dufoy. Begar he do merite to be beaté, he's waré he vil
Marré youré *Metres*.

Palm. I beseech you, *Sir Frederick*.

Cul. My Lord *Bevil*!

Sir Fred. So, he takes him for my Lord *Bevil*;
Now the Plot will out.

'Tis fit this Rascal shou'd be cheated; I had I had
But these Rogues will deal too.

Unmercifully with him: I'll take compassion upon
Him, and use him more favourably my self.

Cul. My Lord, where is the mad Wench your Sister?
[*Sir Frederick pulls off Palmer's disguise.*]

Sir Fred. Look you, *Sir Nich'las*, where is my Lord *Bevil*—
Now?

Cul. My merry Country-man, *Mr. Palmer*! I thought you had
Been in *Buckingham-shire*. [*Sings.*]

*And he took her by the Apron,
To bring her to his beck.*

Never a Catch now, my merry Country-man?
Sir Frederick, I owe this Gentleman a thousand pounds.

Sir Fred. How so?

Cul. He won it of me at Dice, *whae*le went my halfs;
And we have given him a Judgment for it.

Sir Fred. This was the roguery you had been about the other
Night, when I met you in disguise, *Palmer*:

You'll never leave your cheating and your robbing,
● How many *Roggeries* do I know

Of your committing ?

Palm. The truth is, Sir, you know enough to hang me;
But you are a worthy Gentleman, and a lover of Ingenuity.

Sir Fred. This will not pass: Produce
The Judgment.

Palm. Alas, Sir, Mr. *Wheadle* has it.

Sir Fred. Produce it, or— Fetch the Constable, Boy.

Palm. Sir *Frederick*, be merciful to a sorrowful Rascal:
Here is a Copy of the Judgment, as it is entred.

Sir Fred. Well, who is this counterfeit Widow ? confess.

Palm. Truly 'twas *Wheadle's* contrivance; a Pox on him:
Never no good comes on't when men are so unconscionable
In their Dealings.

Cul. What, am I cheated, Sir *Frederick*? Sirrah, I will have
You hang'd.

Sir Fred. Speak, who is this Widow ?

Palm. 'Tis *Grace*, Sir, *Wheadle's* Mistress, whom he has plac'd
In my Lady *Dambwel's* house: I am but a poor Instrument,
Abus'd by that Rascal.

Sir Fred. You see, Sir *Nicholas*, what Villains these are; they have
Cheated you of a thousand pounds, and wou'd have married
You to a Wench, had I not discover'd their Villany.

Cul. I am beholden to you, Sir *Frederick*; they are Rogues,
Villainous Rogues: But where is the Widow ?

Sir Fred. Why, you saw the true Widow here a little while
Ago.

Cul. The truth is, me-thoughts she was something
Comlier then my Mistress: But will not this Widow
Marry me ?

Sir Fred. She is my Mistress.

Cul. I will have none of her then.

Sir Fred. Well, I have discovered this cheat, kept you from
Marrying a Wench, and will save you the thousand pounds too.
Now, if you have a mind to marry, what think you of my
Sister ? She is a plain brown Girl, and has a good
Portion; but not our twenty thousand pounds: This offer
Proves I have a perfect kindness for you.

Cul. I have heard she is a very fine Gentlewoman;
I will marry her forthwith, and be your Brother-in-Law.

Sir Fred. Come then, I'll carry you
Where you may see her, and ask her consent.

Palmer, you must along with us,
And by the way assign this Judgment to me.
Do you guard him, Gentlemen.

[To the Fiddlers.]

Sir

Sir Fred. Come, Sir Nick'las.

Cul. How came I hither?

Sir Fred. You will be satisfied in that hereafter.

Palm. What curfed accident was this? what
Mifcheivous Stars have the managing
Of my Fortune? Here's a turn with all my heart,
Like an after-game at *Irish*!

Dufoy. Alon marché, Shentelman sheté;
Marché: You make de mouthé of
De honest Shentelmen: begar you vil make de
Wry mouthé ven you be hangé.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCEN. III.

Scene, A Garden.

*Enter Graciana and Leticia severally; Leticia with a Nosegay
in her Hand.*

Grac. Leticia, what hast thou been doing here?

Let. Cropping the beauty of the youthful year.

Grac. How innocently dost thou spend thy hours,
Selecting from the crowd the choicest Flowers!
Where is thy Mistress?

Let. Madam, she's with the wounded Colonel.

Grac. Come then into this Arbour, Girl, and there
With thy sweet voice refresh my wearied soul. [*They walk into an Arbour.*]

SONG.

Ladies, though to your Conquering eyes
Love owes his chiefest Victories,
And borrows those bright Arms from you
With which he does the world subdue.
Yet you your selves are not above
The Empire nor the Grievs of Love:

[*Let. sings.*]

Then wrack not Lovers with disdain,
Lest Love on you revenge their Pain;
You are not free because y'are fair;
The Boy did not his Mother spare.
Beauty's but an offensive dart;
It is no Armour for the heart.

Grac.

Grac. Dear Girl, thou art my little Confidant;
I oft to thee have breath'd my discontent;
And thy sweet voice as oft has eas'd my care;
But now thy breath is like infectious Air;

Enter Beaufort.
It feeds the secret cause of my disease,
And does enrage what it did use to appease.

Beauf. starting. Hark, that was *Graciana's* voice.

Grac. Oh *Beaufort*!

Beauf. She calls on me, and does advance this way;
I will conceal my self within this Bower; she may
The secret causes of my grief betray.

Beaufort goes into an Arbour, and Graciana and Leticia come upon the Stage.

Grac. Too rigidly my Honour I pursue;
Sure something from me to my Love is due:
Within these private shades for him I'll mourn,
Whom I in Publique am oblig'd to scorn.

Let. Why should you, Madam, thus indulge your grief?
Love never yet in Sorrow found relief:
These Sighs, like Northern winds to th' early Spring,
Destruction to your blooming Beauty bring.

Grac. Leticia, peace; my Beauty I despise:
Would you have me preserve these fatal eyes?

Let. Had you less beautiful been, y'ad known less care;
Ladies are happiest moderately fair:
But now should you your Beauty waste, which way
Could you the debt it has contracted pay?

Grac. Beaufort, didst thou but know I weep for thee,
Thou would'st not blame my scorn, but pity me.

Let. When Honour first made you your Love decline,
You from the Centre drew a crooked line;
You were to *Beaufort* too severe, I fear,
Left to your Love you partial might appear.

Grac. I did what I in honour ought to do;
I yet to *Beaufort* and my love am true;
And if his Rival live, I'll be his Bride,
Joy shall unite whom Grief does now divide;
But if for love of me brave *Bruee* does die,
I am contracted to his Memory.
Oh, *Beaufort*!

Beauf. Oh, *Graciana*! here am I
(By what I've heard) fix'd in an extasie.

Grac.

Grac. We are surpriz'd ; unlucky accident !
Fresh Sorrow's added to my discontent.

[*Exeunt Graciana and Leticia leisurely.*

Beaufort Enters.

Beauf. *Graciana*, stay, you can no more contend,
Since Fortune joyns with Love to be my Friend ;
There is no fear of *Bruce* his death ; the wound
By abler Chyr'gions is not mortal found.
She will not stay :

My Joys, like waters swell'd into a flood,
Bear down what's re their usual streams with flood.

[*Exit Beaufort.*

SCEN. IV.

Scene, My Lady *Dambwel's* House.

Enter Wheadle and Grace.

Whead. I wonder we have yet no tidings of our Knight,
Nor *Palmer*,——

Fortune still crosses the industrious, Girl.

When we recover him you must begin

To lye at a little opener ward ;

'Tis dangerous keeping the Fool too long at bay,

Lest some old Wood-man drop in by chance,

And discover th'art but a rascal Deer.

I have counterfeited half a dozen Mortgages.

A dozen Bonds, and two Scriveners to vouch all ;

That will satisfie him in thy Estate :

He has sent into the Country for his

Writings :

But see, here he comes.

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir Nicholas, I must chide you, indeed I must ;

You neglect your duty here : Nay, Madam, never

Blush, faith I'll reveal all. Y'are the happiest,

The luckiest man——

Enter Sir Frederick.

W'are betray'd ; death, what makes him here ?

Sir Frederick, your humble Servant ; y'are come

[*To Sir Frederick.*

In the luckiest time for mirth ; will you but lend

Me your ear ? do not you see *Sir Nicholas* and *Grace*?

Yonder ? look, look.

Sir Fred. Yes.

Whead. I am perswading him to keep her ; she's a pretty

Deserving.

Deserving Girl; faith let us draw off a while,
And laugh among our selves, for fear of spoiling
The poor Wenches market; let us, let us.

Sir Fred. With all my heart.

Bayliffs meet Wheadle at the door, and Arrest him.

Bayliffs. We arrest you, Sir.

Whead. Arrest me? *Sir Frederick, Sir Nicholas.*

Sir Fred. We are not provided for a Rescue at present, Sir.

Whead. At whose Suit?

Bayliffs. At *Sir Frederick Frollick's.*

Whead. *Sir Frederick Frollick's*? I owe him never a farthing.

Sir Fred. Yare mistaken, Sir; you owe me a thousand pounds:
Look you, do you know *Mr. Palmer's* hand?
He has assign'd such a small debt over to me.

Enter Palmer and Jenny.

Whead. How was I bewitch'd to trust such a villain!

Oh Rogue, Dog, Coward, *Palmer*!

Palm. Oh thou unconscionable *Wheadle*; a thousand pounds
Was too small a bubble!

Sir Fred. Away with him, away with him.

Whead. Nay, *Sir Frederick*, 'tis punishment enough to fall
From my expectation:

Do not ruine a young man.

Grac. I beseech you, Sir.

Sir Fred. Thou hast mov'd me, *Grace*;
Do not tremble, Chuck; I love thy profession too well
To harm thee.

Look you, Sir, what think you of a rich Widow? [*Proffering him the Whore.*]

Was there no Lady to abuse, *Wheadle*, but my Mistress?

No man to bubble but your Friend and Patron, *Sir Nich'las*?

But let this pass; *Sir Nich'las* is satisf'd; take *Grace*

Here, marry her, we are all satisfied:

She's a pretty deserving Girl, and a Fortune now

In earnest; I'll give her a thousand pounds.

Whead. Pray, Sir, do but consider——

Sir Fred. No consideration; dispatch, or
To Limbo.

Whead. Was there ever such a Dilemma? I shall rot in Prison.

Come hither, *Grace*; I did but make bold, like a young Heir,

With his Estate, before it come into his hands:

Little did I think, *Grace*, that this Pasty,

When we first cut it up, should have been preserv'd

For my Wedding Feast.

[*Stroaking her belly.*]

Sir Nich. You are the happiest, the luckiest man, *Mr. Wheadle.*

Palm.

Palm. Much joy, Mr. *Wheadle*, with your rich Widow.

Whead. Sir *Frederick*, shall that Rogue *Palmer* laugh
At me.

Sir Fred. No, no; *Jenny*, come hither; I'll make thee amends,
As well as thy Mistress, for the injury I did thee
Th' other night:

Here is a Husband for thee too:

Mr. Palmer, where are you?

Palm. Alas, Sir *Frederick*, I am not able to
Maintain her.

Sir Fred. She shall maintain you, Sir.
Do not you understand the mystery of *Stipemie*,
Jenny?

Maid. I know how to make *Democruana*, Sir.

Sir Fred. Thou art richly endow'd, i'faith: Here, here, *Palmer*;
No shall I, shall I; This or that, which
You deserve better.

Palm. This is but a short Reprieve; the Gallows will
Be my destiny.

Sir Fred. Sir *Nicholas*, now we must haste to a better
Solemnity; my Sister expects us.

Gentlemen, meet us at the *Rose*; I'll bestow a Wedding
Dinner upon you, and there release your Judgment,
Mr. Wheadle.

Bayliffs, wait upon them thither.

Sir Nich. I wish you much joy with your fair Brides,
Gentlemen.

Whead. A pox on your Assignment, *Palmer*.

Palm. A pox on your rich Widow, *Wheadle*: Come, Spouse,
Come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Scene, The Lord *Bevil's* House.

Enter Lord *Bevil*, Bruce led in, *Louis*, *Beaufort*, *Graciana*
and *Aurelia*.

Bruce. *Graciana*, I have lost my claim to you,
And now my Heart's become *Aurelia's* due;
She all this while within her tender breast
The flame of Love has carefully suppress,
Courting for me, and striving to destroy
Her own Contentment to advance my Joy.

• *Aurel.* I did no more then Honour press'd me too;

I with Pde woo'd successfully for you.

Bruce. You so excel in Honour and in Love,
You both my shame and admiration move.

Aurelia, here, accept that life from me,
Which Heaven so kindly has preserv'd for thee.

My Lord, I hope you will my choice allow,
And with your approbation seal our Vow.

[To L. Bevil.

Bevil. In gen'rous minds this to the world will prove
That Gratitude has pow'r to conquer Love.
It were, brave Man, impiety in me
Not to approve that which the Heavens decree.

Bruce, Graciana, on my gen'rous Rival you
Must now bestow what to his Merit's due.

Grac. Since you recovering, *Bruce,* your claim decline,
To him with honour I my Heart resign.

Beauf. Such Honour and such Love as you have shown
Are not in the Records of Virtue known.

My Lord, you must assist us here once more;
The god of Love does your consent implore.

[To L. Bevil.

L. Bev. May Love in you still feed your mutual fire. [Joining their hands.

Beauf. And may that flame but with our breaths expire.

Lotis. My Lord, our Quarrel now is at an end;
You are not *Bruce's* Rival, but his Friend.

Beauf. In this brave strife your Friendship soar'd above
The active flames of our aspiring Love.

Bruce. Dear Friend, thy merits Fame cannot express.

Lotis. They are rewarded in your happiness.

Bruce. Come all into my Arms before I rest;
Let's breathe our Joys into each others breast;
Thus mariners rejoyce when winds decrease,
And falling waves seem wearied into Peace.

Enter Sir Frederick and Dufoy at one door, and the Widow and Betty at another.

Sir Fred. Haste, *Dufoy,* perform what I commanded
You.

Dufoy. I vil be ver quick begar; I am more den half de
Mercurie.

Sir Fred. Ho, Widow! the noise of these Nuptials brought
You hither; I perceive your mouth waters.

Wid. Were I in a longing condition I should be apt
Enough to put my self upon you, Sir.

Sir Fred. Nay, I know th'art spiteful, and wou'dst
Fain marry me in revenge; but so long as I have
These Guardian Angels about me, I desie thee

And all thy Charms : Do skilful Faulkners thus
Reward their Hawks before they fly the Quarry ?

Wid. When your gorge is empty you'll come to the
Lure again.

Sir Fred. After I have had a little more experience of the
Vanity of this world, in a melancholy humour
I may be careless of my self.

Wid. And marry some distressed Lady, that has had
No less experience of that vanity.

Sir Fred. Widow, I profess the contrary ; I wou'd not have the
Sin to answer for of debauching any from such
Worthy principles : Let me see ; if I shou'd be good
Natur'd now, and consent to give thee a Title
To thy own wealth again, you wou'd be stubborn,
And not esteem the favour, Widow.

Wid. Is it possible you can have thoughts of gratitude ?
Do you imagine me so foolish as your self, who
Often venture all at play, to recover one inconsiderable
Parcel.

Sir Fred. I told you how 'twou'd be, Widow : Less providence
Attend thee, else I shall do no good upon thee :
Fare-well.

Wid. Stay, Sir ; let us shake hands at parting.

Sir Fred. Nay, if thou once art acquainted with my
Constitution, thou't never let me go ; Widow, here,
Examine, examine. [Holding out his hand.

Bevil. Sister, I long have known your inclinations ;
Give me leave to serve you. *Sir Frederick*, here,
Take her ; and may you make each other happy.

Wid. Now I have receiv'd you into my Family,
I hope you will let my maids go quietly about
Their business, Sir.

Sir Fred. Upon condition there be no twits of the good man
Departed ; no prescription pleaded for evil customs
On the Wedding night.

Widow, what old doings will be anon !
I have coupl'd no less than a pair-royal my self.
This day, my Lord, I hope you'll excuse the liberty
I have taken to send for them ; the sight will much
Encrease your mirth this joyful day.

L. Bev. I shou'd have blam'd you, Sir, if you had restrain'd
Your humour here.
These must needs be pleasant Matches that are of his
Making.

*Enter Dufoy.**Sir Fred.* What, are they come?*Dufoy.* Day be all at de dooré, begar ; every man vid his Pret Metres, Brid, Whore.*Entré, Jentelmen, vid your Lady, entré vid your great Fortune: Ha, ha, ha.**Enter Sir Nicholas and his Bride, Wheadle and his Bride, Palmer and his Bride.**Sir Nich.* Brother, do you see how sneakingly *Wheadle* looks Yonder, with his rich Widow?*Wid.* Erother ! is this fellow your Brother?*Sir Nich.* Ay, that I am.*Sir Fred.* No, no, *Sir Nicholas.**Sir Nich.* Did not I marry your Sister, Sir?*Sir Fred.* Fie, fie, *Sir Nich'las* ; I thought y'ad been A modest man.*Sir Nich.* Is my wife no kin to you, Sir?*Sir Fred.* Not your Wife ; but your Son and Heir may, If it prove so. * Joy be with thee, old acquaintance.

[* To Lucy.]

*Widow, resolving to lead a virtuous life,
And keep house altogether with thee,
I have dispos'd of my own household-stuff, my
Dear Mrs. Lucy, to this Gentleman.**Whead, and Palm.* We wish you joy with your fair Bride,
*Sir Nich'las.**Sir Nich.* I will go and complain, and have you all clap'd Up for a plot immediately.*Sir Fred.* Hold, hold, *Sir Nich'las* ; there are certain Catch-poles without ; you cannot scape,
Without y'ave a thousand pounds in your Pocket : Carry her into the Country, come ;
Your Neighbours Wives will visit her, and vow
She's a virtuous well-bred Lady :
And, give her her due, faith she was a very
Honest Wench to me, and I believe will make a very
Honest Wife to you.*Sir Nich.* If I discover this I am lost ; I shall be ridiculous,
Even to our own Party.*Sir Fred.* You are in the right : Come,
Take her, make much of her,
She shall save you a thousand pounds.*Sir Nich.* Well, *Lucy*, if thou canst but deceive my
Old mother, and my neighbours in the Country,
I shall bear my fortune patiently.*Sir*

Sir Fred. I'll warrant you, Sir, Women so skil'd in Vice can
Dissemble Virtue.

Dufoy. Fy, fy, maké de much of your Lady, Shentelmen ;
Begar you vil find dem ver civil.

Sir Fred. *Dufoy*, I had almost forgot thee.

Dufoy. Begar my merit is ver seldom in your
Memorié.

Sir Fred. Now I will reward thy services ; here, enjoy thy
Mistress.

Dufoy. Ver vel, begar ; you will give me two tree oldé
Gowné vor all my diligence.

Betty. Marry come up ! Is that a despicable portion
For your greasie Pantaloon ?

Dufoy. Peace, peace, Metres *Bet* ; ve vil be ver good
Friend upon occasion ; but ve vil no marrié :
Dat be ver much beter, begar.

Sir Fred. Did you bring the Bayliffs with you ?

Dufoy. Day be vidout : Begar, Shentelmen, you have bin
Made ver sad ; and now you shall be made ver mer
Vid de Fidler.

Whead. Ha ! cozen'd with Fldlers for Bayliffs !
I durst have sworn false Dice might as soon have pass'd
Upon me.

Sir Fred. Bid them strike up ; we will have a Dance,
Widow, to divert these melancholy Gentlemen.

[*They dance.*

L. Bev. *Sir Frederick*, you shall command my House this day ;

[*After the Dance.*

Make all those welcome that are pleas'd to stay.

Sir Fred. *Sir Nicholas*, and Mr. *Wheadle*, I release you both
Of your Judgment, and will give it you under
My hand at any time.

Widow, for all these bloody preparations, there
Will be no great massacre of Maiden-heads
Among us here.

Anon I will make you all laugh with the occasion
Of these Weddings.

On what small accidents depends our Fate,
Whilst Chance, not Prudence, makes us fortunate.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by the Widow.

SIr Frederick, now I am reveng'd on you,
For all your Frollick Wit, y'are couzen'd too:
I have made over all my Wealth to these
Honest Gentlemen; they are my Trustees.
Yet, Gentlemen, if you are pleas'd, you may
Supply his wants, and not your Trust betray.

Spoke by Wheadle.

Poor Wheadle hopes h'as gi'n you all content;
Here he protests 'tis that he only meant:
If y'are displeas'd w'are all cross-bit to day,
And he has wheadl'd us that writ the Play.

THE

THE
EPILOGUE.

Like Pris'ners, conscious of th' offended Law,
When Juries after th' Evidence withdraw;
So waits our Author between hope and fear,
Until he does your doubtful Verdict hear.
Men are more civil then in former days;
Few now in Publique hiss or rail at Plays;
He bid me therefore mind your looks with care,
And told me I should read your Sentence there;
But I, unskill'd in Faces, cannot guess
By this first view, what is the Plays success;
Nor shall I ease the Author of his fear,
Till twice or thrice, at least, I've seen you here.

FINIS.
